FEBRUARY, 1902.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

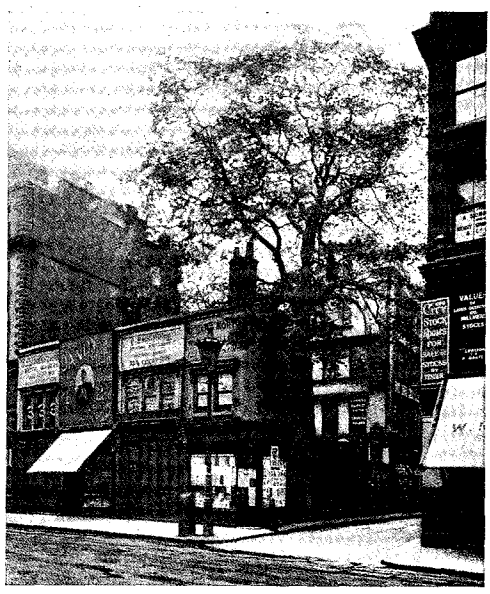
In the March number of THE BOOKMAN, the first number of Volume XV., we shall begin the publication of *Fuel of Fire,* a new novel by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

There is considerable talk of putting Mr. Kipling's *Kim* on the stage. In connection with this we note that a dramatisation, authorised by Mr. Kipling, of *The Story of the Gadsbys,* has just been completed.

The plane-tree at the corner of Wood Street in London, which inspired Wordsworth to write the "Reverie of Poor Susan" is probably soon to be cut down.

One of the pleasantest features, to us at least, about this department of the magazine is its informality. If we like a book or if we don't like it we feel at liberty to say so, and do not feel bound logically to prove the correctness of our taste. Nor does our expressing a liking for one particular book in any way imply its superiority over others which we do not mention. There is no use trying to pretend that we read or even dip into all the books that come from the press. We don't, and we don't want to.

When, however, we find a book that amuses us very much we like to "pass it along." Such a book is Mr. W. W. Jacobs's *Light Freights.* We cannot think of any other books with which to compare Mr. Jacobs's, because there are none just like them. To-day a number of the best and brightest English and American writers seem to be getting their inspiration from the sea. First of all, of course, there is Mr. Kipling. Then there are Frank T. Bullen, Louis Becke, Morgan Robertson, W. W. Jacobs, and several



WORDSWORTH'S PLANE-TREE, AT THE CORNER OF WOOD STREET, CHEAPSIDE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

W. W. JACOBS.

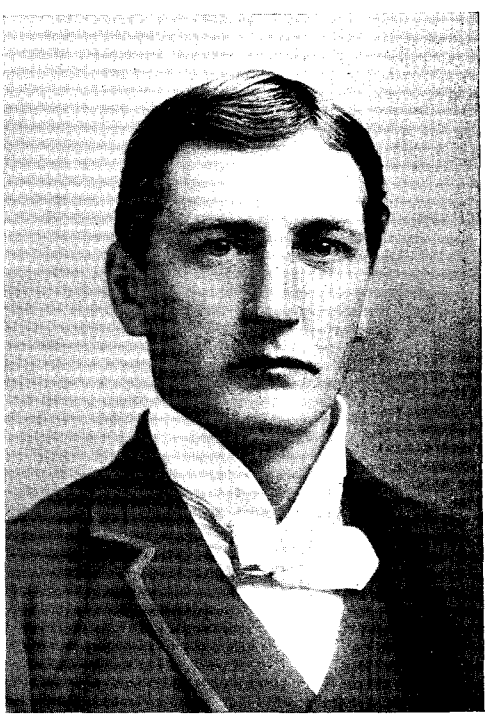
more. Each one of these has his own particular field, and in presenting the humour of the sailor's life and environment no one approaches Mr. Jacobs. We are not sure that very many women will enjoy these stories, but we are morally certain that very few men will lay the book aside unfinished.

Another writer of sea stories whose work has found recent appreciation is Mr. Morgan Robertson, and the praise in this case comes from no less an authority than Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans. After reading Mr. Robertson's *Masters of Men,* Admiral Evans wrote: "I have read the book with great interest, and after finishing it find myself wondering how the author ever acquired his astonishing knowledge of the characters and feelings of our enlisted men. He certainly has got under their skins as few men outside the service have succeeded in doing. The description of the horrors of our merchant sailors' lives at sea is a splendid effort, and I hope may be widely read."

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, who is probably best known to American readers and playgoers as the author of *Miranda of the Balcony,* has completed a new novel, the scene of which is laid partly in the Soudan, where Mr. Mason spent his winter last year. The book is to be called *The Four Feathers.*

"The House With the Green Shutters."

Among the books published in England during 1901 there were many more generally popular, but none which aroused more curiosity among professional writers than *The House With the Green Shutters.* It was the first book of an entirely new man—Mr. G. B. Brown, late of Balliol College, Oxford, but who writes as George Douglas—and it was in its way so original, so different in form from other books, that it was bound to provoke either opposition or enthusiasm among people who as a matter of business study the construction of an ingenious plot and the development of a striking work of fiction. The English papers discussed it very seriously, and it found a great many appreciative English readers. It has also



A. E. W. MASON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been very well reviewed in this country, but we do not think that it is as yet being very widely read. This is to be regretted, for though it is not the pleasantest reading in the world, it is undeniably a novel of extraordinary originality and power, and no one who wishes to keep in touch with the best fiction of the day can afford to neglect it.

Several reviewers, both in this country and England, have found in *The House With the Green Shutters* a resemblance to Balzac—discreetly pointing out, however, that there is an immense difference in the matter of actual achievement—and one reviewer in particular sees in its scheme a striking likeness to the scheme of *Le Père Goriot,* discovering in the people and atmosphere of the Scotch village of Barbie an analogy to the *pension bourgeoise* in the Rue Neuve Sainte-Geneviève, in which the final scenes in the life of the French Lear are played out. What appears most strange to us

WALLACE IRWIN.
Photo by Arnold Genthe.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

in the estimates of almost all of the reviewers is that so much stress is laid on the character of John Gourlay, while John Gourlay's son is comparatively neglected. To most of them the latter appears to be merely a subordinate character, "a coward and a worthless weakling," only one of the factors in his cold, hard father's downfall and shame; while to us he is the one great character of the novel. Some one has said of this book that no one but a Scotchman would dare to draw such a picture of a Scotch village, and no one who reads between the lines can doubt the author's anger or his sincerity. *The House With the Green Shutters* is a book born of storm and passion and indignation, and when George Douglas has learned to temper these with restraint he should go far.

Slang and the Sonnet.

On a fly-leaf of a copy of Jannet's edition of Villon's poems, sent to Miss Annie Atchison, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote, "I do not believe any one can understand much of Villon under three readings; he was a horrid scamp." As much might be said of the little book just published in San Francisco, *The Love-Sonnets of a Hoodlum,* by Wallace Irwin. Slang, which during the last decade has grown so enormously in vogue, has at last reached the purely lyric development in this sonnet-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cycle, which is an audacious parody of George Meredith's "Modern Love." While Mr. George Ade has confined himself to the didactic vein, Mr. Irwin's vagabond Muse has taken up the lyre, and has twanged it to a rag-time accompaniment. The vivid tropes of modern slang are paraphrased, intensified and involuted to such an extent that it required a close study to trace the literal meaning; no one but a District Messenger Boy or a Browning student can hope to understand every line. Take, for instance, this:

My syncopated con-talk no avail,

which, we hazard the surmise, would be translated:

My nervous (rag-time) explanation (confidential) was useless.

Equally remarkable is the following cryptological phrase:

And coughed up loops of kindergarten chin,

which we leave to the ingenuity of the reader to decipher. The author has as sponsor Mr. Gelett Burgess, who, as admirers of the Japanese poet Yone Noguchi will remember, has always welcomed any new and unconventional essay in verse. Mr. Burgess in a mock-serious introduction finds in Slang "the illegitimate sister of Poetry," close analogies to the feverish license of the diction of the Elizabethan dramatists, and protests against the formal categories of "poetic" and "vulgar" metaphors. And surely much modern slang is poetic. There is as quaint and harmless fancy in calling a girl a "daisy" or a "bird" as in any legitimate figure. Mr. Burgess's most original suggestion is in the tracing of the modern epithet "scab" back to "scarab" as used by Ben Jonson in *The Alchemist*.

Mr. Wallace Irwin was born in Oneida, New York, in 1875, and but for a characteristic conflict with the faculty of the Leland Stanford Junior University, would have graduated at that institution with the class of 1900. The university at Palo Alto has become famous for the number of clever men it has asked to leave the "Quad." Mr. Irwin was editor of the Stanford weekly, *The Sequoia*, and of the college annual, and after contributing much timely verse to the San Francisco *Examiner*, became editor of the San Francisco *News-Letter*, and has been recently appointed editor of the *Overland Monthly*, published by the same owner. The sonnet has been likened to an exquisite goblet filled with one exquisite thought so that it cannot hold another drop without overflow. Mr.

MR. AND MRS. HARDY IN THE GARDEN AT "MAX GATE."

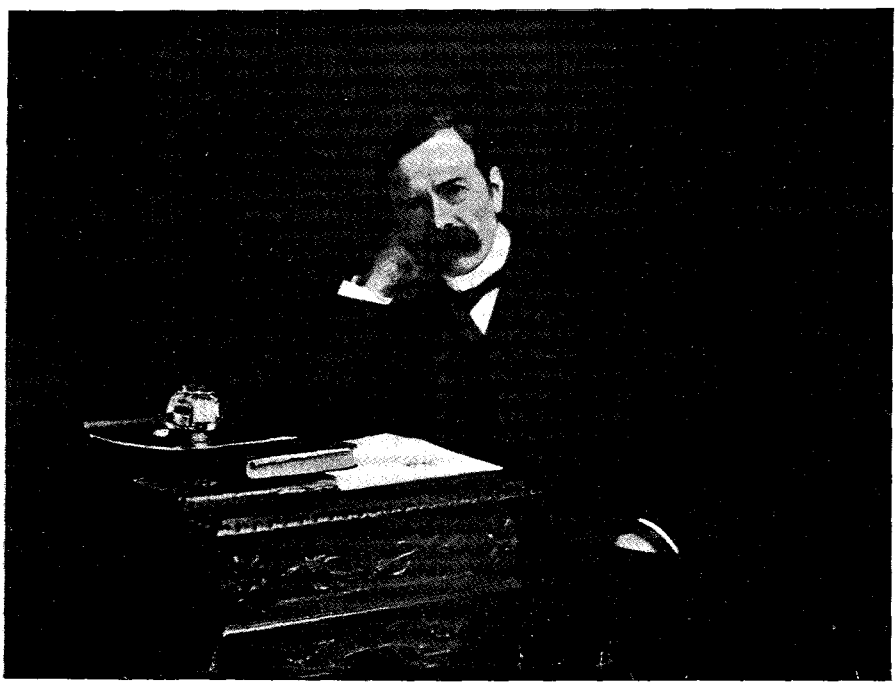
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEVIS. THE BIRTHPLACE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Irwin's sonnets are, we presume, more like schooners of steam beer, and we must not complain if a few bubbles burst over the edge.

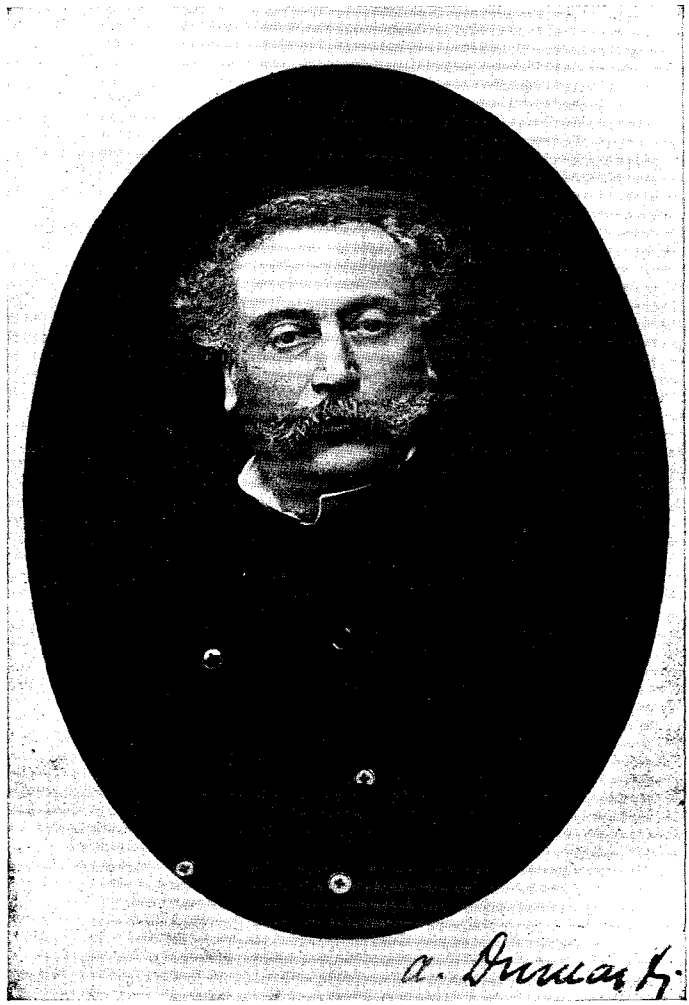
Alexander Hamilton in Fiction.

Since her return from a recent trip to the Danish West Indies, Gertrude Atherton has been at work on a novel dealing with the life and character of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton as a subject had been in her mind for a considerable time, but her original intention was to write what she very happily terms "a flexible biography." Her trip and the result of her researches into the question of Hamilton's birth and ancestry, however, changed her plans; and she soon found herself working in the familiar medium of fiction, although closely preserving the historical sequence. Almost every important incident in the novel treating of his American career is based on documentary or published facts, or upon family tradition; the few that are not have their roots among the probabilities and suggested themselves. As for the West Indian part, although Mrs. Atherton was obliged to work upon the bare skeleton she unearthed in the old Common Records and Church Registers, still, the fact remains that she did find the skeleton. No date is given or deed referred to that cannot be found by those who visit the Islands. Moreover, she made a careful study of the Islands as they were in the days of Hamilton and his maternal ancestors. The book is to be entitled *The Conqueror*.



STANLEY WEYMAN. FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Reminiscences of Dumas Fils.

Some interesting personal impressions of the younger Dumas are sent us by Mrs. Olive Logan, who visited him as the agent of the late Augustin Daly to treat for the purchase of the manuscript of *Monsieur Alphonse*, that clever comedy picture of Parisian life and manners, whose theme may not be altogether at variance with certain conditions prevailing here and there in our own communities. A "masher," named Alphonse, of course, for in Parisian argot "Alphonse" is the recognised appellative of a cheap Adonis, has effected the ruin of a guileless girl of tender years, who afterward is compelled to bear in silence the burden of his support, as well as that of their offspring. She marries a distinguished naval officer, her senior by many years, and the inevitable *éclaircissement* is brought about by the little child, home from the convent under pretext of being somebody else's youngster, meeting her unrecognised father, an intruder in the distinguished officer's house, and babbling to him in delicious unconsciousness of his being the author of her existence. Dumas was always trying to write another *Dame aux Camellias*, so the counterparts of Madame Prudence and the lighter figures of *Camille* were introduced, but with only a moderate amount of success, in *Monsieur Alphonse*.

The visitor found the celebrated author installed in an "appartement" in an avenue near the Arc de Triomphe, a residence unusually commodious by reason

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of its commanding two floors, which were connected by a graceful and richly ornamented spiral staircase. These rooms were really gorgeous; life-sized statues in marble and terra-cotta, valuable paintings, superb furniture and rich carpets and draperies. The first surprise experienced on beholding "the son of his father" was occasioned by finding that Monsieur Dumas was a very "blonde" man, without a single external trace of that negro blood which made of the elder Dumas a swarthy mulatto. The son's hair was a light chestnut colour, his eyes were blue, his complexion white. Another marked peculiarity about Alexandre Dumas, junior, was his use of the most exquisite French in colloquial dis-

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE GREAT.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS (*trying to look as if the paper crown was still there*): "He never can be dignified. No one realises what it is to be great but me."

MARK TWAIN: "I don't have to be dignified; I'm an immortal."

HAPPY LITTLE GIRLS (*who are allowed to follow him*): "Oh, but he is so sweet! Have you ever seen his picture?"

An apology is due Mr. Clemens for making him seem so much older than he really is, as a contemporary of Mr. Davis's boyhood.—*Marjory MacMurchy.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course. His language was not exactly *précieux,* for there was nothing affected about it, but it was so purely grammatical, so beautifully balanced.

Speaking of methods in literature, he began with those of his father, whose marvellous fecundity, he said, was a gift of nature beyond the attainment of human intention. To produce fiction, as well as other kinds of literature, was to his father a process almost as devoid of effort as that of drawing his breath. Then, too, the picture of life was finer, more varied, in his father's day. The historical novel, also of whose realm the elder Dumas was king, was dead, contemporaneously, save for a small survival of low-class fustian offered to penny readers through the medium of the *feuilleton* of ephemeral newspapers. The doublet and hose, the rapier and the mask, the vows of undying friendship exchanged between knights of adventure with hearts of gold—where were now the parallels of these enchanting features of his father's fiction? Then, the picturesqueness of the lower orders; the aged duenna, the smart soubrette, the jolly innkeeper, all so sharply defined in their various stations; and above everything, the adorable lackeys of his father, saucy scoundrels of the Figaro type, witty thieves, whose peculations you forgave because of their irresistible humour, and of their real attachment to the fortunes of their masters.

"But there are still valets in France."

"Undoubtedly," replied Dumas, "and they are still thieves, but only that."

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE GREAT.

Painful result of Baby Dooley's first joke. He is considered too gay to attend a funeral party. What was the joke? It must have been a hen-essay.—*Marjory MacMurchy.*

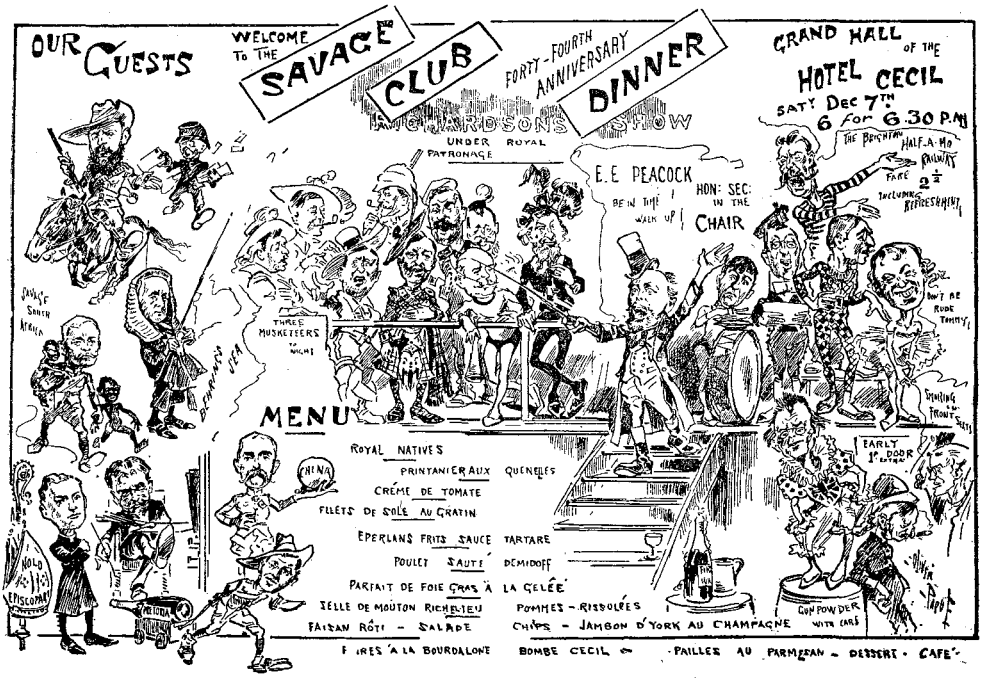
Referring to his own work, he said that his literary preference was for the novel, and it was in that line, with *La Dame aux Camellias,* that he had achieved his first great success. But the dramatisation of that work had shown him very early in life that the financial productiveness of the theatre was so immeasurably in advance of anything that could be expected from the sale of books, that he naturally had applied himself with diligence to the working of a field thus incomparably lucrative. The royalties he derived

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from his father's plays were still very fine, and he was at that moment rearranging his father's old boulevard drama, *La Dame de Monsoreau,* for production at the Odéon. His processes in playwriting he explained in much detail, and the drift of his talk seemed to be toward the great Balzac idea. He followed people in the streets, listening to their private conversation, trying to wrest the most hidden secrets from their casket in the human heart, that he might use the impulse of mortal motives under given circumstances in his dramas. And again, in order to disclose humanity as it is, he wrote out his plays in the veriest argot of the lower boulevards, though his characters might be chosen from the loftiest circles of the aristocratic Faubourg. His object in this was to let human nature show itself in its naked truth, not veiled by the conventions of a world fictitious, with its veneer of etiquette, social standing, material splendour. The brute man and his woman were those whose impulses he wished to dissect, for human anatomy is identical through the entire social strata; and he reserved for a second writing the adjustment of language and apparel to his characters.

Another Evening with Martin Dooley.

Mr. Dooley in War and in Peace, Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen, Mr. Dooley's Philosophy, now *Mr. Dooley's Opinions,* and who can say how many more volumes we shall go through listening to the quaint humour of the Archey Road's most genial, useful, and widely known citizen? One may take these books up and consider them professionally, but there is no use attempting to write about any of them critically. As each comes out one may express one's opinion to the effect that it is a little better or a little worse than its predecessor, but that is about all; and then one naturally goes on to quote very liberally from this or that particularly amusing paper. In the present volume one of the best hits, and it is a hit which should come into every-day talk, is to be found in those pages which are devoted to Mr. Dooley's ideas "On Wall Street." He is talking about the great boom of a year or two ago, and the resulting rise of many men in many different positions in life. Never before in the history of the world had so many barbers and waiters and members of the chambermaid staff been on the verge of private yachts.



MENU OF THE RECENT DINNER OF THE SAVAGE CLUB OF LONDON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Footprints of the Baskerville Hound.

Very few people, we think, who have been reading the new Sherlock Holmes story have as yet been able even to guess at what will be contained in the closing chapters. Five instalments have now appeared; it is three months since Holmes has played any part in the narrative; and as a result everything seems to be in a chaotic state. Any guess as to the outcome, in consequence, must be based on the events which were narrated in the first two instalments. As a rule, almost every one with whom we have discussed the story has confessed himself or herself utterly at sea; yet we have heard one theory which, though it is hardly likely to prove the right one, has the merit of a certain weird ingenuity. Then, too, it can be made to fit all the circumstances, and in connection with this we must remember the adage of Holmes himself on a former occasion: "When you find a theory that fits all the circumstances, no matter how improbable that theory may seem, it is the right one." The author of the hypothesis originated it after reading four instalments of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* as it is appearing in the *Strand Magazine*. At the time he had not seen the chapters which appeared in the January number, and which dealt with the confrontation of the butler Barrymore by Sir Henry and Watson, and the subsequent expedition over the moors in search of the escaped convict. But this last instalment, it must be said, does nothing either to destroy or confirm the original theory.

❧

According to the idea of this theorist, one of the few incidents of vital importance and meaning was that of the theft of Sir Henry Baskerville's shoes in the hotel in which he was staying at London. To any one acquainted with the methods of Sherlock Holmes, or perhaps it should be said of the Sherlock Holmes stories, it was evident that this at least was no false clue introduced for the sole purpose of leading astray the mind of the reader. What, then, was the significance? What impression was to be compared with that made by Sir Henry's boots? It was while mulling on this line that there occurred the strange thought that those who had stolen the shoes had done so not for the purpose of studying the outside; *they wanted to examine the inside.* And from that the theory which builded itself was something as follows: The Sir Hugh Baskerville who met his death in so horrible and yet so well-deserved a manner and bequeathed such a curse to his descendants had a wife who had followed him in secret on the eventful night with which the opening instalment of the story deals. (If he had not a wife, the brother through whom was traced the descent of the family had one, and so the matter is much the same.) At any rate, this wife was a witness to the hideous scene of the hound plucking at Sir Hugo's throat. Some months afterward she gave birth to a child which was found to be physically perfect with the exception that it had the feet of a hound, and in every generation or every other generation of the family since that day there had been born a child cursed with this hideous deformity.

❧

Improbable as this hypothesis seems, if you will go over the back numbers, you will find that everywhere it can be made to fit. The footprint found close by the dead body of Sir Charles was not that of a hound, but of a Baskerville. Sir Henry's shoes were abstracted (and it must be remembered that two pairs were taken because the first pair was too new to tell any story), in order that those interested could see whether the impression left within was that of the foot of a man or of a hound. Perhaps it was Holmes himself who wished to see whether it was Sir Henry who had stood beside the dead Sir Charles. Perhaps it was the emissaries or the fellow-conspirators of the criminal Baskerville who wished to know whether Sir Henry himself was afflicted in the manner described, because if such were the case, he would certainly guess at the real solution. The actions of the butler, Barrymore, are thus explained, because he was a repository of at least part of the secret. The convict Selden was perhaps the arch criminal—he may have been the lost Roger Baskerville himself. But as to Stapleton and his sister and the hideous noise which arises from the moor, and the black-bearded man who followed Holmes and balked him in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London and the various other mysterious details of the story so far as we have read it, the theorist has nothing definite to say.

The Late F. W. Robinson.

The recent death in England of Mr. F. W. Robinson, the author of some fifty novels, many of them very popular in their day, has attracted very little notice. Yet Mr. Robinson was a man of note in his own way. The best known of them are probably *Grandmother's Money, No Church, Anne Judge, Spinster,* and *Poor Humanity.* Many of them were translated into French, Dutch, and other languages. Mr. Robinson's specialty was prisons and prison management, and he published, under the *nom-de-guerre* of "The Prison Matron," a series of volumes upon prison life and management which attracted so much attention that a Royal Commission was the result, and many important changes were made in the control of English prisons and the condition of their inmates. It was urged at the time that Mr. Robinson should be offered the first vacant directorship of prisons, but nothing came of that. The strongest passages in his works are the vivid and faithful pictures he has drawn of the lowest grades of London life and of the criminal classes. Mr. Robinson did a good deal of journalistic work at one time, and he started and carried on for years a little magazine called *Home Chimes.* The periodical was never a pecuniary success, but Mr. Robinson was singularly successful in the enlistment of new writers who have risen to fame. Among his contributors were Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome (who published in *Home Chimes* the *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*), Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mr. Philip Marston, and among others of established reputation, Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Watts-Dunton. His contributors entertained him at a dinner which was largely attended. Mr. Jerome was in the chair, Mr. Barrie in the vice-chair, and Mr. Zangwill made one of the speeches. This cheered Mr. Robinson, who was a man of very genial nature, and quite without jealousy and littleness. His last days were not without their difficulties.

A Theory.

A college president has recently made a harsh remark about some worthy people. "People," he says, "whose training has been chiefly or exclusively in books, whether literary, metaphysical, or even theological, can hardly help being liars if they try." He is arguing for the study of science at an early age to fix in the mind the habit of accuracy; but there is no need of being so cross about it. Literary, metaphysical and theological people are not more wicked than many others. The worst you can say is that they are sometimes a little more at the mercy of their wish to believe. If that is what he means, college teachers will probably agree with him. As students they are apt to be a shade more inexact than their classmates. It has been remarked many times, and some, like the college president, set it down flatly to intellectual dishonesty. That is too irritable a view. The college student of light literary tendencies is a particularly desperate case. He is seduced by the things that sound well away from the things that are. He is haunted by a sense of effectiveness, and snubs all homely details. From him come the papers that read beautifully but have no bearing, and miss all points. But it is not lying. It is the merest truancy, a chase after plums, the result of dealing with unverifiable things, like poems and plots and world-philosophies. Accuracy is ungraceful, and a facile writer for the "Lit" will think twice before he spoils a phrase for the sake of it. Into the light literature of the day lead many paths besides those of truthfulness. In fact, truth is perilous to certain little gifts. If people saw things precisely as they are, there might be fewer purple Christmas cards. Is it lying to specialise in pretty words? Shall we fall in a fury upon a woman's hat because we cannot botanise it?

A teacher of a scientific subject once complained that the worst students he ever had were those who took literary honours, and the very worst of all was a young man who promptly blossomed in all the magazines on leaving college. There is in certain college faculties a sharp division along this line—a sort of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hostility between matter and form, between the people who do not care what they say and the people who do not care how they say it. And the literary student does his dreaming in the wrong place, and the scientific student never has the fun of dreaming at all. At one extreme is a most hideous absence of thought, and at the other a most hideous expression of it. But it comes to nothing more than the same old question of specialism—how soon to begin the bread-studies. And the three well-meaning classes condemned as liars just for the lack of a scientific temper should appeal to one's sympathies in the circumstances. There is more bad luck in it than sin, and the iron-handed educator is far too rough, as he hurls the lie in the poetaster's teeth and throttles the young philosopher.

❧

Leopold Mabilleau.

The American public will have an opportunity this season of hearing two French lecturers, Léopold Mabilleau and Hugues Le Roux, both of whom have won in France enviable reputation as public speakers The first to arrive here is Léopold Mabilleau. He is called primarily by the Boston branch of the Alliance Française, but he will be heard also in other places, among others in Columbia University, where he is to give a series of lectures on Public Education in France. He is now forty-nine years of age, and is a man of fine presence. For many years he was chiefly a university character. He entered the École Normale Supérieure at the head of his class in 1873, and graduated from it as Agrégé de Philosophie three years later in the same rank. Then he won a fellowship in the French School of Archæology in Rome, whence he was called to the University of Toulouse, first as Instructor, then as Professor of Philosophy. He afterward taught in the University of Caen, and finally in the Collège de France and in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers. He is a very versatile man. He is now chiefly interested in social science, and has been for several years Directeur of the Musée Social founded by the late Count de Chambrun. At the same time he writes articles of artistic criticism on the Paris Salons for such periodicals as the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* and the *Revue de Paris*. Few men in France to-day combine so much solidity with so much brilliancy. His chief contribution to pure literature is an admirable monograph on Victor Hugo in Hachette's *Série des Grands Ecrivains Francais*. He is the author also of an exhaustive work on Cesare Cremonini and the Philosophy of the Italian Renaissance.

❧

Hugues Le Roux, who goes first to Harvard as the Hyde lecturer, but who is also to speak before Columbia University, is a somewhat younger man, as he was born in 1860. He is essentially a journalist, or, as the French say, a chroniqueur. His articles in *Le Figaro* a few years ago on the young men and young women of France, collected in book form under the titles of *Nos Fils* and *Nos Filles*, will perhaps give a better idea of his talent than anything else that he has written. He is very quick at catching the theme that will, for a while at least, occupy the mind of the Boulevard lounger, as was shown when he chose as his subject for a series of chroniques *Le Bilan du Divorce*. He is also a novelist; his *Amants Bizantins* are not devoid of passionate force, and contain some very clever bits of descriptive writing. His is a rather adventurous spirit. He went years ago to Algeria, where he resided for a while, taking back with him to Paris two exceedingly interesting books, the last-named a novel describing the contact of the Algerian native with the European, *Comment je devins colon* and *Le Maître de l'Heure*. His last voyage before coming to this country was to Abyssinia, where he had an excellent opportunity of seeing intimately, and therefore describing for the French public, the celebrated Negus Negusti, Emperor Menelik II.

❧

Sully-Prudhomme.

French men of letters take great pride in the distinction conferred recently upon one of them, the poet Sully-Prudhomme, to whom has been awarded the prize offered by the late Swedish dynamite king, Nobel, to the literary man whose works are most remarkable for their idealistic tendencies. Sully-Prudhomme was born

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in 1839. His first volume of verse, *Stances et Poèmes,* was published in 1865. It contains the famous piece, "Le Vase Brisé," which has certainly been recited oftener than any piece of poetry written in France during the last forty years. But his strongest work will be found in other collections, in *Les Vaines Tendresses, Les Solitudes, La Justice* and *Le Bonheur.* He considers himself now as having served his time, and he published recently what he calls his *Testament Poétique.* He was originally rated a Parnassian, but as time wore on gave more and more predominance to matter over form. Of course, he is a member of the French Academy, to which he was elected in 1881. The prize he receives is a money prize, amounting to about two hundred thousand francs. Although far from rich, he announces that he will devote the whole amount to helping young poets to publish their works. A touching detail in connection with the prize is that the attention of the judges was first called to Sully-Prudhomme's claims by Gaston Paris, who in 1865 was the first to bring the *Stances et Poèmes* to the knowledge of Sainte-Beuve.

In the London *Sketch* Tom Browne, whom most people associate with his studies of Dutch life, is presenting a series of biographical caricatures under the general title of "In the Days of Their Youth." This title seems to be a dig at the series of articles projected by T. P. O'Connor in *M. A. P.* when that weekly was started three years ago last summer, and which articles have been carried on ever since. The *Sketch* for December 11 last contained the accompanying skit at the expense of Sir Henry Irving.

From time to time a good deal of fun has been poked at Mr. Hall Caine, owing to the general idea that he has cultivated rather sedulously his physical resemblance to Shakespeare. On this score he is cruelly dragged into the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy in *Lives of the 'Lustrious*—a parody of the English *Dictionary of National Biography.* This is from Mr. Caine's biography:

> Mr. Hall Caine's resemblance to Shakespeare is so striking that on landing at New York on a religious trip to America, the late Ignatius Donnelly, a total stranger, addressed him as "Lord Bacon, I presume!"

Here are two of the other biographies from the *Lives of the 'Lustrious:*

> Mr. Anthony Hope, "senior partner in Hope Brothers, Hosiers to the Court of Hentzau,"

SIR HENRY IRVING (MASTERS TOOLE AND TERRY).

MR. HALL CAINE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

invented the Zenda Vesta or Runaway Match, "dramatised by Mesdames Bryant and Edna May." His motto is "Beautiful Anthony Hope is read."

Mr. Andrew Lang, we are not surprised to find, was born in "the Golf Stream," but emigrated to the Southern Pacific, his sojourn being commemorated in the touching *chanson,* "Maori had a little Lang."

Balzac as a Politician.

According to the Paris correspondence of the New York *Tribune,* Balzac as a political candidate is the subject of an article by M. Gabriel Ferry in the current number of the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire,* which reveals the author of the *Comédie Humaine* in an unfamiliar light. "It will be remembered that on the occasion of Balzac's centennial anniversary he was claimed by each of the political parties of the day. The conservative Catholic Mayor of Tours objected to his statue because in his opinion the author of *Les Études Philosophiques* was an atheist. Edouard Drumont proclaimed the author of *Parents Pauvres* to be an anti-Semite; the *Gaulois* considered the author of the *Peau de Chagrin* a royalist; M. Jean Jaurès felt convinced that the man who wrote the *Récherche de l'Absolu* must be a collectivist, and M. Viviani felt inclined to think that *La Physiologie du Mariage* could only have been written by an anarchist. M. Gabriel Ferry has unearthed letters and documents showing that all these suppositions are wrong, and that it would be impossible to find out exactly on what political bench Balzac would sit if called to the Chamber of Deputies as constituted to-day.

"It appears that Balzac first became a candidate for the French Legislature in 1831. He presented himself as a candidate of the opposition simultaneously at Angoulême and at Cambrai. His 'platform,' as disclosed by the electioneering pamphlets of the period, was to re-establish the natural boundaries of France, to reduce government expenses, to increase the customs dues and to abolish the hereditary nobility, but he nevertheless proclaimed that he was 'not an opponent of the monarchy,' and that he was a legitimist by 'tradition, custom and obedience.' A few stray letters, however, furnish evidence that Balzac's interpretation of 'obedience' was that which he owed not to divine right or to the king, but to a couple of charming royalist ladies, to whom he was simultaneously offering his heart. Balzac's defeat at the polls at Cambrai and at Angoulême—two towns inhabited respectively by each of his rival ladies—was most signal. He got only ten votes at Cambrai and only thirteen votes at Angoulême. Balzac's next attempt to enter upon a political career was in 1848, when he presented himself for election in Paris. His 'platform' this time was to improve the condition of the workmen. He obtained only seventy-two votes, and was ignominiously defeated. Perhaps the best political epitaph of Balzac is to be found in the remark made by Victor Hugo when in exile at Brussels: 'Balzac? Why, he had the brain and the heart of the Democrats; all that was monarchical in him was his imagination—but then Balzac's imagination was prodigious.'"

Mr. Bacheller in the North Country.

Among the stories which were told at the Watch Night Meeting of the Authors' Club of New York, there was one from Mr. Irving Bacheller which we are going to repeat as nearly as we remember it, because it is so typical of the quaint humour of Mr. Bacheller's books that it will appeal to every one to whom the books have brought amusement. It would be impossible to describe Mr. Bacheller's manner in the telling, and we may be leaving out certain effective points, but this, we think, is something like the gist of it: Mr. Bacheller was called on to talk of the North Country—that wild region between the St. Lawrence and the Adirondacks, in which he laid the scenes of *Eben Holden* and of *D'ri and I.* He contrasted its prosperous past with its unhappy present. He pictured the desolation of its farms, once neat and prosperous. He had gone back there some years ago, he said, and on the half-ruined doorstep of the old house a man stood looking at him. He wore one suspender and an ancient pair of trousers. He recognised in him the seedy remnant of a once noble race. Mr. Bacheller's version of the dialogue runs something

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like this: "Glad to see ye," sez he. "Thanks," says I. "We've heerd about you," sez he, "and they say you done noble." "Well, and how are you?" says I. "Porely," sez he. "How's that?" says I. "Jest makin' a bare livin'," sez he. "Why don't you go away?" says I. "Can't," sez he. "Why not?" says I. "Mortgaged," sez he. "That's too bad," says I. "'Tis," sez he. "You don't seem to have much to live for," says I. "Don't want to live," sez he. "You might die," says I. "Can't," sez he. "Why not?" says I. "Mortgaged," sez he.

At this point they were joined by another old acquaintance of Mr. Bacheller's—a man who for years had held a mortgage on every acre of the countryside. "So you're Paul Bacheller's boy?" he said, after scrutinising the visitor closely. "The same," said Mr. Bacheller. "Well," said Mr. Wallace, reflectively, "if your father had kept you on the farm it would not have looked as it does now." Up to this point the unfortunate farmer who was mortgaged had taken no part in the conversation. Now, however, a strange grin came across his face.

"That's right, Mr. Wallace," sez he. "If he had been kept on the farm the farm would hev looked better, but he'd hev looked a damn sight worse."

THE BALLADE OF INCAPACITY

(Mr. Dobson recited this poem at a recent dinner in his honour when called upon for a speech in reply.)

"My Lord, I cannot speak." *Maclean the Highwayman (on his trial.)*

"Silence is golden," saith the saw,
And rightly is extolled;
For speech, too oft, outrides the law
By waxing overbold.
Yet he, I think (of mortal mould),
Most needs the aid of "cheek,"
The man who can no tale unfold,
The man who cannot speak!

He listens with a kind of awe,
And hears around him rolled
The long, reverberate guffaw
That greets the quicker-souled;
He hears the jest, or new or old,
And speechless, eats his leek,
Is classed as either dull or cold,
The man who cannot speak!

He may have "Latin in his mawe,"*
He may keep down controlled
Potentialities of "jaw"
Unmatched of any scold;
He may have thoughts of sterling gold
For each day of the week;
But he must all these things withhold,
The man who cannot speak!

Envoi.

Friends, 'tis of me the story's told,
Your sufferance I seek;
For me that shameless sight behold,
The man who cannot speak!

Austin Dobson.

*Chaucer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHAKESPEARE'S VENICE

If we recall the two Venetian dramas of Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice* and *Othello,* we feel that we are living in Venice in the flourishing times of the Republic, when the character of the city was thoroughly distinctive. It seems to us that even if the dramas did not call up the indications of the place where the actions occurred, we should be able to find it for ourselves, guided by the lively local colouring furnished so liberally by the poet. But if we ask ourselves in what this local colouring consists, the scenes, to our great astonishment, will pass before our eyes without our being able to find the reasons. We cannot point out one description, one touch of colour—not even the mention of a gondola—nothing that is considered especially and exclusively Venetian.

In *The Merchant of Venice* the Rialto is merely spoken of as a place where business is carried on. He who knows nothing of the canals and of the lagoons would find not the least allusion to them in these dramas. The narrow and winding streets, the bridges, the gondolas, the palaces, the mysterious and strangely intimate aspect of the Venetian life, are things to which no allusion is made. We should say that the poet had studiously avoided giving a touch of local colour.

When Othello accepts the undertaking against Cyprus, and the Doge urges him to make haste, there is not the slightest hint that he is to go by ship; in the whole scene there is not a word that alludes to the uncertainties or to the possible delays of a sea voyage, even where Desdemona begs to be allowed to follow her husband, or where Othello recommends her to the care of Iago. If the action had taken place in Milan, the words that concern the departure of Othello need not have been different. Nevertheless, the characters, on examining them attentively, are such as can be found only in Venice.

The two dramas are not especially Italian; the events on which they hinge are not connected in any way with Venetian customs; they do not result, even indirectly, from the dark policy of the "Serenissima." The deeds of the Doge might be performed by any other prince (the restriction concerns only *The Merchant of Venice*), at least, by any ruler of a Republic.

Desdemona does not answer exactly to the ideal type that we have made for ourselves of the Venetian gentlewoman, to whom (the type) we may, perhaps, attribute as much loving ardour, but accompanied by greater cunning or, at least, by greater prudence and by a more lively consciousness of her own worth. No one of the beautiful women left to us by the Venetian masters resembles Desdemona; in no one does sweetness exclude strength, nor is gentleness carried so far as to the inert sacrifice of life. The daughter of a Venetian senator, accustomed to wary silences, to a few words well weighed, would not have fallen so many times into discourse with Cassio as did the ingenuous wife of Othello.

Neither is Iago especially Venetian. Not that perfidy and profound insidious art do not belong to the conventional type of the noble Venetian of "the good old times" of the Republic; but the exterior characteristics of the person do not correspond. We are accustomed to imagine Venetian perfidy more honeyed and more conventional; the perfidy of the diplomat, of the conspirator, of the spy as subtle and shrewd as that of Iago, but more urbane, not augmented and almost disguised by soldier-like roughness. But the image of a traitor presents itself in other guise than in cap and cowl. Iago is a coarse soldier, depraved in the extreme, and in time of need as sly as an ambitious senator, but always a soldier. He shows what he is at Rhodes and at Cyprus, in the land of the Christian and of the infidel, and he is discontented that he does not rise "by old gradation, where each second stood heir to the first." And like a soldier, he continually interlines his conversation with expressions that are unseemly and obscene, giving himself up to a violent verbosity full of low or trivial ideas, gathered in camps and in barracks.

Shylock has no country, or rather has the old Hebrew Fatherland. His type is made up of avarice and hate, the fruit of the persecution that oppressed his race. His special characteristics are Jewish, not Venetian; cupidity, love of gain, harshness, the hardness of the usurer, but with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these a sentiment of racial dignity so intense that it has become hate and chokes avarice. Born in Holland, Shylock would have been the same; such characters are, perhaps, found wherever anti-Semitism rages. Certainly the drama of which he is the centre could not take place except in a city that has great maritime commerce, and under such political rule as gives more importance to the laws than to the might of the Prince. But Shakespeare does not care to bring into relief through circumstances. With the exception of the mention of the Rialto, the drama contains no hint of anything local. The omission is, however, natural. He who lives in a city, in the ordinary conversation between citizens does not describe it, and the special characteristics of a place that strike the attention of one who arrives for the first time from the outside, escape the notice of him who is accustomed to them. But in almost all his other tragedies Shakespeare betrays his intention to reproduce the place where he puts the scenes and the people who live there. We can say the same of the Roman plays, where Rome and the surrounding country, and Italy, and the land of Egypt, and the banks of the Nile are described plainly in a few lines. Why such silence, why such disdainful renunciation of particulars solely with respect to Venice? And how is it that the lack of special characteristics does not diminish the artistic impression which seems even to be helped by it and increased in intensity? After having sought in vain to find in *The Merchant of Venice* and in *Othello* touches of Venetian colour, let us re-read the doubtful dramas, which by this ungrateful task of analysis have become indistinct and disjointed. In the very first scene of *Othello,* hardly have Roderigo and Iago uttered their cries and Brabantio his oaths than we hear the water beat gently against the shores and the gondolas slip into the shadow with the rustling of trailing silks. And in the silence of the streets we become aware of Shylock dragging his slippered feet, and see him step up on to Riva degli Schiavoni, fearful that, from the direction of the Lido, the returning ships of Antonio will appear.

We believe that the cause of this strong colouring, obtained without special pains, is to be sought in the lively and exact pictures that the mere name of Venice calls up; they cannot be confounded like those of any other country. Any other place, any other city, may be compared to similiar places or cities in whole or in part. Whoever thinks of Venice can see only Venice. Precise and special indications are not necessary to localise the imaginative faculty. The great poet must have felt this, and for that reason has studiously rejected as superfluous every touch of colour.

"Venezia non si descrive, si nomina."

We all know great descriptions of Naples and of Rome, but there is not, as far as we remember, any description of Venice which equals the complete image created in our minds by its mere name. There is no fine touch of a poet, no studied amplification in prose, that can add anything to the precise notion that we have of the marvellous city. A vague sketch of a painter, showing the side of a palace, the projecting sill of a window, the prow of a gondola, impresses as by enchantment the vision of all Venice and of its most minute and most hidden parts; gives us the satisfaction of the sounds and the odours that belong exclusively to it.

Of what use is it to labour to make ourselves feel that we are in Venice? Why write down the peculiarities of the characters that inhabit it? Venice makes them her own. In no other city of the world is there so complete a unity of the elements. The harmonious laws from which the so-called "atmosphere" arises do not reveal themselves in any other place with the same clearness. He who has not seen Venice pictures it to himself such as it really is, less beautiful, perhaps, less extensive, less rich, less gloomy, less brilliant, but it is only a question of degree. The essence is the same and cannot be otherwise. When, in the name of modernity, it shall have been transformed, perhaps made smaller, made more healthful, but disfigured, Venice must change her name. Finding her so different from the traditional Venice, from the true and sublime Venice —our descendants will cry out at the deception and will feel themselves robbed of an ideal.

L. D. Ventura.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE CAMP OF THE ENEMY

(Being the Personal Experience of a Would-be Writer with the Editors.)

The relations between the editor and the would-be author are unusually discussed either from the standpoint of the editor or that of some successful writer who, "having attained the topmost round," has forgotten, even if he does not scorn, "the base degrees by which he did ascend." This, however, is written by one who has not yet "arrived;" whose experiences with the editors are necessarily fresh, being renewed every day; who is not even sure that this will ever appear in print, but who is anxious to present a new view-point of an old and much-discussed subject.

Until two years ago I had never beheld in the flesh an Editor. (I always spelled editor with a capital "E.") In fact, I was about as ignorant of editors and their ways as it is possible for a fairly enlightened human being to be. My idea of them was of vague, mysterious beings shut up in inaccessible offices; beings who pronounced manuscripts unavailable and sent them back accompanied by printed slips to that effect. I found out afterward that this is often done by the office boy; but I had lost many illusions by that time.

When I came to New York to live I had a large collection of these printed slips and a wholesouled hatred of the word "unavailable." I did not know what it meant and I could not find out from the printed slips. They were marvels of politeness—those printed slips. They led me to infer that the one reason absolutely unconnected with the return of my manuscripts was a lack of merit. They implored me to believe that the refusal of the various articles, stories and poems (yes, even poems—I confess it) that I had submitted was owing to a lack of space, to already accepted articles of the same nature, to the financial depression which at present precluded unnecessary expenditures—in short, to anything under the sun but a lack of merit. They were simply "unavailable"—and that might mean too long or too short, too heavy, or "lacking in substance" (a favourite editorial phrase), too grave, too gay, too juvenile, too local, too obscure, or too anything else that I might imagine—except too badly written; that construction of the word those polite slips would positively not allow.

Besides the printed slips I also had the meritorious productions which they had accompanied—and a very strong desire to go on writing. I did not feel that I had what some writers eloquently refer to as a "message to the world," nor was I dependent entirely upon my pen for support—a fact which took the tragic note from my failures, and a lucky one for me, else I should probably now be resting quietly in a corner of the Potter's Field instead of telling about my experiences with the editors. In fact, there seemed to be no particular reason why I should go on writing, and there were apparently a large number of reasons (each printed slip being one) why I should not. But I did go on, nevertheless, using up a wonderful amount of stationery and stamps, sending articles (neatly typewritten—which cost me five cents per hundred words, by the way) to the editors of Sunday papers, literary syndicates and magazines. Looking back upon it now I am positive that the people in the house where I was living must have thought that I was deeply engaged in a clandestine correspondence. I watched constantly for the postman and rushed to the door at his ring so as to be the first to look over the mail in case it should contain for me one of the tell-tale long envelopes enclosing a rejected manuscript. I did not want them to be seen, but they nearly always were. I might watch for the postman a week and then go out for half an hour's walk, and when I came back there *It* would be on the very top of the pile of letters—that unmistakable envelope addressed to me, with the name of the publication which had done me the honour to reject my manuscript printed in large, uncompromising letters in the upper left-hand corner. I am sure if publishing houses realised the anguish their printed names cause young writers they would use plain envelopes: a plain envelope *might* contain samples. Once in a while I received a small cheque, but not often.

I have met many editors—good editors

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and bad editors, but more especially indifferent editors—for there is nothing to compare with the height and breadth and depth of the editor's indifference to the aspiring efforts of young authors, unless it be the office boy's scorn of the same—of which more later. My experiences with the editors have been typical, I presume, of what might happen to any young writer who ventured unknown and unknowing into the camp of the enemy. They have all been instructive—these experiences; some of them have been pleasant, some humiliating and many amusing. Once, I remember, I had a number of manuscripts returned from a certain house "per" one "E. J. Miller." Having learned by experience that it makes a good impression on the office boy to ask for an editor by his name, the first time I went to the publishing house I told the office boy that I wanted to see Mr. Miller. The boy looked puzzled. "No one by that name here," he said.

"Oh," I said, "I am sure you must be mistaken; Mr. Miller—E. J. Miller," I repeated, thinking, perhaps, he hadn't caught the editor's name. A great light broke over him. "E. J. Miller, you say? Oh, yes; he used to be the office boy—lost his job last Saturday—I got it."

That was only one of the many times I have been awed by the office boy. He is a very terrible person, the office boy; much more alarming to encounter, with his "Who d' ye want ter see?" and his "Wot d' ye want ter see 'im about?" than the editor of a great magazine. He sends shivers of terror through you down to your very boots. You can't help it by reasoning with yourself, by saying to yourself: "This is only an office boy; I *will* be brave." You have to make a study of the genus before you can help trembling before the individual specimens that you meet. This study will reveal the fact that the office boy is invariably a snob—that the impressive, not the deprecatory, manner is what wins his respect; that he thinks better of you if you ask for the editor by name and send in an engraved card. By these methods and by fixing a proud and haughty glance upon him—that is, as proud and haughty a glance as you can summon—you will get him to do your bidding. But in your secret heart you will always be afraid of him.

It is fortunate, indeed, that you can lay aside this manner when once you are inside the editorial sanctum; indeed, as compared with the way you feel in the presence of the office boy, in the presence of the editor-in-chief you feel relaxed, almost informal. I have been surprised at the ease with which access may be had to these men whose time is so valuable, and who must be so overrun with people who use that valuable time inconsiderately and on trivialities.

I have found that it is possible without any sort of a letter of introduction to see almost any editor you care to see if you wish to present your work in person to his notice, which is a distinct advantage for you, whatever it may be for the editor. A card and a courteous (never an insistent) request to see the editor will always be sufficient to gain admission. I have never had but one letter of introduction, and that was from a dear old lady who knew the editor's mother. The chief claim upon which she urged his editorial recognition was the assertion that "the bearer was a belle in her native city"—a statement as kindly meant as it was mistaken and inappropriate. It was a dear, sweet, enthusiastic, thoroughly impossible letter, and I laid it reverently away among my treasures, as I have laid my old friend's memory away in my heart. Needless to say, I never presented the letter to the editor.

I have found the courtesy of editors, particularly that of magazine editors, unfailing, their patience wonderful, and their tact amazing. Only once have I ever met with anything but the utmost courtesy from an editor, and that, I am sorry to say, was from a woman. She had just been elevated to the editorial chair of a prominent woman's magazine, and evidently did not know the traditions of the office. I need not tell here how she endeavoured to make me feel the great gulf fixed between her position and mine—the editor's and the unknown writer's. But she is the only editor I have ever met whose manner even remotely suggested the office boy's.

Nevertheless, I have my grievances, and I am going to relate them for the benefit of other young writers, as tramps with cabalistic signs on trees and gate-posts instruct those of their brotherhood who shall follow after to "beware the dog."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Writers as a class have less of this spirit of free-masonry than any other class of workers or even non-workers. It is a pity—we could save each other so many scars; but when one of us gets bitten by the dog he makes no sign, but goes on and leaves his fellows to their fate. Now, I personally should like to go about with a large pot of red paint and leave danger signals on certain editorial door-posts beyond which I have failed to receive not courtesy but fair treatment, signs which would warn all young writers away.

I should make a very large bright mark upon the door-post of a certain weekly magazine which boasts an honoured existence of over forty years, and yet which stoops to practices that in even editorial parlance must be called dishonourable. To this magazine I submitted some verses, and in a few days got a letter from them which I copy verbatim:

DEAR MADAM:

Please accept our thanks for your complimentary contribution of poem. Copies of the issue containing it will be sent you on publication. Hoping to hear from you again, we are

Very truly yours,
THE DASH AND BLANK CO.

"Complimentary contribution" indeed! Why I should spend my time, strength and grey brain matter on complimentary contributions to their or any other magazine was something that I could not quite see, so I let them realise at once their hope to hear from me again. I wrote them that I was not making any complimentary contributions whatsoever to the magazines; that if the verses were good enough to be published, they were good enough to be paid for, and that if they did not feel disposed to pay for them to return the verses at once—which they did with a polite note regretting their inviolable rule never to pay for poetry. Now, in the name of the brotherhood of writers, I ask what right any magazine has to make such a rule as that? In what other business would such practices be tolerated?

And what right has a magazine to accept an author's work and keep him waiting months, sometimes years, for his money, as very many magazines do? I had a friend who was kept waiting seven years for the publication of and payment for a manuscript of hers. Personally, I have not allowed myself to be kept waiting like that. When I have any dealings with a magazine of that kind I tell the editor that I will leave the manuscript for so many months; that if it is not published and paid for within that time I will take it away—and I usually find that it is published within the specified time.

It remains for a weekly magazine which was established with a great flourish of trumpets some six years ago and which caters to the social and sartorial needs of the elect, to take the palm away from all other magazines of this character, or at least from any that I have encountered. Let all young writers abandon hope of fair treatment who enter there! Their form of acceptance is masterly; it is a study in equivocation, a lesson in evasion, a masterpiece in mystery! It is styled a

"MEMORANDUM,"

and I give it here, word for word.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of your MS. entitled Blank.

If agreeable to you we shall retain the manuscript at your risk, paying for it when published. At any time should you want the manuscript, postage having been sent, we will return it on request from you.

We have adopted this plan in fairness both to authors and ourselves, because it prevents us acquiring by purchase a greater quantity of manuscript than we need, and enables the author to have manuscript ready for publication, though not beyond the control of the author until published.

Besides, typewritten manuscript is usually in duplicate, one copy being retained by the author.

When I received this remarkable document I realised at once that my brain could not understand it, so I called at the office for an explanation.

"Does this mean that my story is accepted?" I asked of the young woman who represented the editor at the office window. She was one of those whom I call "the porcupine people." She had little sharp quills of antagonism about her that bristled invisibly but perceptibly when you addressed her. She was so distinctly aggressive that she made you instinctively defensive.

"It means," she said in a voice like

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frozen pickles, "that we have received it and will retain it at your risk."

I shall not attempt to give our interview nor to depict her manner during it, though I should like to. I learned from it that the magazine was so condescending as to be willing to keep my miserable, worthless manuscript for an indefinite time; it might be a month or it might be two years—the young woman really could not say which. If at the end of that time it had not been mislaid or burned or stolen (in which case I alone would be responsible), it would appear in print and I would receive the princely sum of five or six dollars—considerably less than half a cent a word. In the meantime the clause "not beyond the control of the author" did not mean at all that I should have the privilege of submitting it elsewhere; and the alternative which the haughty lady offered me was that if I did not like the conditions I could take it away at once, she adding pleasantly that they could get all the stories they wanted as good and better than mine under the same conditions.

Perhaps only a young writer, anxious not to offend any editor and to appear in print at all costs, can understand how it was that I smothered my indignation and my sense of injustice and agreed to leave the manuscript for a month. But all lovers of poetic justice, as well as fellow-writers, will be glad to hear that mine enemy fell by the trap that was set for me. When they added insult to injury by attempting to change the title of my story, the worm turned! I became independent, insisted on my own title, and on their refusal to use it, I availed myself of the author's privilege so graciously accorded in their "Memorandum," and withdrew my manuscript when it had actually been set up in type and the magazine was about to go to press. So that it cost them considerable time, trouble and money to supply another story in its place. And the best part of the whole story is that I afterward sold the manuscript to another magazine, which paid me a fair price for it immediately on acceptance.

I should certainly leave some of my red paint to warn the inexperienced from the doors of these editors—and there are a goodly number—who are not over-nice about appropriating without compensation (I am trying to put it gently) the ideas which are stock-in-trade to an author, just as much as are his goods to the merchant. On one occasion I showed to the Sunday editor of a prominent newspaper a certain article on a local subject illustrated by my own photographs. The editor expressed the greatest satisfaction with it, wondered why it had never been done before, begged me to leave it with him for careful examination, yet returned it the next day without a word of regret or explanation. In about two weeks (by a singular coincidence!) there appeared in the Sunday edition an article on the same subject illustrated by photographs taken from almost the same points of view that mine had been. He had merely sent "one of the staff" to work out the idea that my article had suggested. It was cheaper than to buy mine, and therefore justifiable, perhaps, according to newspaper ethics—or, perhaps, the ethics of that particular paper, for I have found other Sunday editors most fair and just.

But if I used up all my red paint on the door-posts of the publications which resort to these practices, I should have no red paint left for the doors of the "best" magazines, whose editors are indeed above reproach in these respects, yet who give young writers other grounds for complaint.

What all authors find hardest to forgive in the editor is that

> With a pencil blue he kills
> The choicest things we write.

One must have acquired considerable fame and importance before one can be perfectly sure that when one's manuscript appears in print it will not have been mutilated beyond recognition in the process of "editing." One editor with whom I have always had the most cordial relations has made me suffer untold pangs by changing without consulting me the titles and even the text of almost everything of mine that has appeared in the magazine. I do not like to speak of it, for I feel in this case no disposition to make a point of it, as in the other case the unjust treatment of the magazine made me do; and I think that the supplied titles are often better than the original ones. But I do think that an author should be consulted before his or her manuscript

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appears in print so changed that "it's a wise author that knows his own story."

I think, too, that there is a great deal of unnecessary delay in examining manuscripts and passing upon them. Sometimes an article's chief value—its timeliness—is lost simply because it is allowed to lie unread for two or three months in some editor's drawer. If magazines have not a sufficient force to dispose of manuscripts more quickly, they should engage an adequate force for the work; for whatever editors may say and however they may revile the "voluntary contributor," they rely very largely upon his work to fill the pages of their magazines.

I have related these grievances, not because they have gone very deep with me—I have been able to take most of them with a laugh or to place them philosophically to the account of experience. But, then, I have been so fortunate as to be, to a great extent, independent in my dealings with the editors; have been able to wait for long delayed payment when I had to wait; able to reject or accept, as I thought best, whatever conditions an editor wished to impose. I have even been able to risk or entirely forego the chance of a sale in order to make a stand for what I considered fair play.

I have told them on the chance that the telling may, perhaps, be of some benefit to other unknown writers who are battling without any of the advantages which have been mine, whose poverty and inexperience combined have made them defenceless, who would not dare protest even if they had the chance. I have seen wistful faces and pitiful, shabby-genteel figures in the editorial waiting-rooms, and they have made my heart ache. One little old lady in faded black silk said to me one day:

"I feel very much encouraged. I had an article in the *Blank* last year. I did not get any actual money for it, but I think it will do me good to have had my name in the magazine."

Surely no other shore is scattered with so many pitiful wrecks!

On the whole, however, the deductions that I make from my two years' experience are hopeful—distinctly so. For one thing, I believe more firmly than I ever did that it is perfectly possible to succeed in gaining editorial recognition without any "pull" whatever, provided you can do good work. The charge of favouritism that is so often made against editors seems to me a very much exaggerated one. I certainly think that to be able to know the editor and talk with him personally is an immense advantage to a young writer—provided you do not insist upon reading your manuscripts aloud to the editor, or use up his valuable time in relating your life history to him, or otherwise treating him inconsiderately—in which case you will ever afterward find him too busy to see you when you call, and you will very likely prejudice him against your work. But if you are yourself considerate, you will in most cases meet with consideration; and, as I say, these personal interviews are a great advantage to you, not because the editor is any more likely to accept your work on account of your pleasing address, but because you are able to pick up many valuable hints from what he says to you.

It is from these personal talks with editors that I have come to have some gradual comprehension of what the word "unavailable" really does mean. I have found that every magazine has not only its own particular "standard" and "policy" to maintain, but that each editor has his own individual preferences—to all of which an "available" manuscript must conform.

Knowing this, I do not feel cast down now if a manuscript is returned by one or two editors; I do not even mind the printed name on the envelope or the printed slip any more. I cheerfully bundle the manuscript up and take or send it away to another editor. It is not until it has been refused by some six or eight that I really feel that something must be wrong with it. Then I either work it over or else retire it from active service.

Roselle Mercier.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF THE UNITED STATES

The New York Morning Newspapers. Part I.—From the Transition Period of Journalism Until the Outbreak of the War of Secession.

I.

During the first few years of the decade 1830-40 there began in the world of New York journalism that movement which has almost directly resulted in the newspaper as we know it to-day. The change was one both of ideas and of methods. To a certain extent it was typical of certain radical changes then taking place in the city, and the social civilisation of which it has been always more or less the exponent. At the beginning of the decade the sway of the old Knickerbocker ideas and traditions was on the wane. The railroad was beginning to be talked of and used, and under its influence and the influence of kindred scientific achievements the old order of things was passing away to make room for the new. We might say that in this period New York was ceasing to be an immense village and beginning to take its place as a great cosmopolitan city.

Previous to the early thirties New York had no newspaper in the sense we use the term to-day. There were, of course, many daily sheets, but as we look over them in old files in libraries they provoke only wonder and amusement. At that time the idea of journalism had not yet risen in this country. The newspapers of New York during the first third of the nineteenth century were mere appendages of party—mere "organs" in the most restricted and narrow sense of that word. They espoused blindly certain interests or ideas; expounded in long editorials the opinions of some small groups of politicians. The features by which the newspaper of this morning is put together were almost entirely lacking. The daily journal of 1830 was made up of these political editorials; of business news, usually inadequate in both quantity and quality, and of advertisements. It was intended to be read by the politicians whose opinions it expressed and by merchants.

The newspaper reader as we know him to-day, the man who, no matter what his position in life may be, expects to have flung before him every morning the history of the world of yesterday, was completely ignored. For him there was no organ. His affairs, his interests, his pleasures, his ideas, his good deeds and his evil deeds, had no public mirror. Nor was this all. These papers were not only inadequate, but they were prohibitive in price (before the birth of the Penny Press newspapers cost six cents a copy), and they were not sold on the street, but were sent on subscription. Moreover, for several years prior to the transition period of journalism the newspapers were unwieldy on account of their ridiculous size. These "blanket sheets," as they were called, made their appearance in New York in 1827. The *Morning Courier* and the *Journal of Commerce* were the leading exponents of this idea, and their rivalry carried them to absurd extremes. They were edited respectively by Colonel James Watson Webb and William Maxwell, both admirable types of the journalism of that day—a journalism which Dickens satirised, probably unjustly, but none the less scathingly, in the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. In 1829 the *Courier* was merged with the *Enquirer*, and we may note in passing that in the *Courier and Enquirer* office two of the greatest newspaper makers in the history of New York journalism, James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald*, and Henry Jarvis Raymond, of the *Times*, laid the foundations of their future suc-

NOTE.—The writers of this article wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to the editors of the *Sun*, the *Herald*, the *Tribune*, and the *Times*; to Hudson's *History of Journalism in the United States*; Parton's *Life of Horace Greeley* and *Famous Americans*; Dayton's *Last Days of Knickerbocker Life*; Haswell's *Reminiscences of an Octogenarian*, and other books and pamphlets.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cess. At their highest development these "blanket sheets" measured thirty-five by fifty-eight three-quarter inches, or, roughly speaking, three feet by four and a half. By way of comparison we may add that we pick up casually a copy of this morning's *Times*, and find that it measures eighteen by twenty-four inches. Crude as these newspapers were, many interesting stories might be told of their rivalries and methods in the matter of getting news. Newspaper enterprise was, of course, at a low ebb. It was before the days of the railroad and the electric telegraph, and the rivalry consisted mainly in wild attempts to increase the size of the newspaper in order to make room for more advertisements (most of these were not paid for) and in running mad races for "beats" with "news schooners" and

THE SUN.

NUMBER 1.] NEW YORK, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1833. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PUBLISHED DAILY,

AT 222 WILLIAM ST ..... BENJ. H. DAY, PRINTER.

The object of this paper is to lay before the public, at a price within the means of every one, ALL THE NEWS OF THE DAY, and at the same time afford an advantageous medium for advertising. The sheet will be enlarged as soon as the increase of advertisements requires it—the price remaining the same.

Yearly advertisers, (without the paper) Thirty Dollars *per annum*—Casual advertising, *at the usual prices charged by the city papers.*

☞ Subscriptions will be received, if paid in advance, at the rate of three dollars per annum.

FOR ALBANY—PASSAGE ONLY $1.

The *large and commodious steamboat* COMMERCE, Capt. R. H. Fitch, will leave the foot of Courtlandt street on Friday, at five o'clock, P M. for Albany, stopping at the usual landing *places to land and receive passengers* Passage $1 For particulars apply to the Captain on board.

REGULAR DAYS.

From New York, Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays.
From Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays. s29

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.

The *splendid steamboat* BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Capt. E. S. Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. R. S. Bunker, will leave New York at 5 o'clock, P M. and Providence at 12 o'clock M every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. For further information apply to the Captain on board, foot of Courtlandt-st. or at the office, 14 Broad st. s2

FOR HARTFORD—PASSAGE 1 DOLLAR.

THROUGH BY DAYLIGHT.

The splendid low-pressure steamboat WATER WITCH, Capt. Wand-ruff, leaves the foot of Catherine street every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings, at 6 o'clock, and arrives in Hartford at 7 o'clock the same evening. Passage One Dollar—meals extra.

The above boat leaves Hartford on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at the same hours. s2 1f

FOR LONDON.—To sail 10th of Sept.—The new packet ship Montreal, Champlin, Master, will sail on the 10th inst. For freight or passage, having elegant accommodations, apply to the Captain, on board, Pine-st, wharf, or to.
s2 JOHN GRISWOLD, Agent, 69 South st.

FOR LIVERPOOL.—The fast-sailing ship Tallahasse, S. Glover, Master, will be ready to receive cargo in a few days, and have despatch She has excellent accommodations for both cabin and steerage passengers. For freight or passage, apply to
s2 WOOD & TRIMBLE, 157 Maiden lane.

FOR HAVRE.—The Packet ship Formosa, One master, will sail on the 8th Sept. For freight or passage apply to the captain on board, or to WM. WHITLOCK, Jr. 46 South st. s2

FOR LIVERPOOL.—Packet of the 8 Sept.—The packet ship Roscoe, J. C. Delano, master, is now in readiness to receive cargo For freight or passage apply to the captain on board, foot of Maiden lane or to
s2 10 FISH, GRINNELL & CO. 134 Front st.

FOR KINGSTON, JAM.—Packet 10th Sept. The elegant coppered ship Ohio will sail as above. For freight or passage, having splendid accommodations, with state rooms, apply to
s2 B. AYMAR & Co. 36 South st.

FOR NEW ORLEANS.—Packet of the 8th September the very fast-sailing coppered ship Nashville, Capt Hasbrouck, will sail as above.—For freight or passage, having handsome accommodations, apply to L. A. COLLINS, 68 South st.
N B. A lighter is in readiness to receive cargo at Pine street wharf. s2

FOR NEW ORLEANS—Packet of Sept. 15. The ship Tennessee, Capt. Scott, will sail as above. For freight or passage, having handsome accommodations, apply to
SILAS HOLMES & CO. 62 South st.
N B A lighter is in readiness to receive cargo. s2

AN IRISH CAPTAIN.

"These are as sweet a pair of pistols as any in the three kingdoms," said an officer, showing a pair to a young student of his acquaintance, "and have done execution before now; at the slightest touch, off they go, as sweet as honey, without either recoiling or dipping. I never travel without them."

"I never heard of highwaymen in this part of the country."

"Nor I," replied the officer, "and if I had I should not trouble myself to carry the pistols on their account—Highwaymen are a species of sharks who are not fond of attacking us lobsters; they know we are a little too hard to crack. —No, my dear sir, highwaymen know that soldiers have not much money, and what they have they fight for."

"Since that is the case, how come you to travel always with pistols?"

"Because," answered the officer, "I find them very useful in accommodating any little difference I may accidentally have with a friend, or which one friend may chance to have with another."

"Do you often settle differences in that way?"

"Why, I was twice *out* before I arrived at your age.—The first time was with a relation of my own, who said he would see my courage tried before he would contribute with the others towards the purchase of my first commission; so I sent him word that I would be happy to give him one proof the very next morning, and when we met, I toddled him so smartly in the leg, that he has hated ever since. But all his doubts being now removed, he cheerfully contributed his quota with the rest of my relations, and we have been very good friends ever since."

"Pray what gave you occasion for the second?" said the young student.

"How it began originally is more than I can tell," answered the captain; all I know is, that a large company of us dined together; we sat long and drank deep, and I went to bed rather in a state of forgetfulness, and was awaked in the morning from a profound sleep, by a gentleman who began a long story, how I had said something that required explanation; and also, that I had accidentally given him a blow, but he supposed I had no intention to affront him, and so he continued talking in a roundabout kind of way, without coming to any point. So I was under the necessity of interrupting him, "upon my conscience, Sir, (said I) I am unable to declare, with certainty, whether I had any intention of affronting you or not, because my head is still a little confused, and I have no clear recollection of what passed, nor do I fully comprehend your drift at present, but I conjecture that you wish to have satisfaction; if so, I must beg you will be kind enough to say so at once, and I shall be at your service." Finding himself thus cut short, he named the place and the hour. I met him precisely at the time. His first pistol missed fire, but I hit him in the shoulder. At his second shot, the bullet passed pretty near me, but mice lodged in his hip, and then he declared he was quite satisfied. So as I had given a blow the preceding night, and two wounds that morning, upon declaring himself satisfied, I said I was contented."

"You would have been thought very hard to please, if you had made any difficulty."

"I thought so myself," rejoined the captain, "and so the affair ended. he being carried home in a couch, and I marching from the field of battle on foot."

"Pray, may I ask if you ever was in a battle?"

"No," replied the captain with a sigh, "I never was; I never had that good fortune, though I would give all the money I have in the world, and all the money I am owing, which is at least treble the sum, to be in one to-morrow."

"Provided you had a good cause;" replied the young student.

"I should not be squeamish respecting the cause, provided I had a good battle: that, my dear, is what is the most essential to a conscientious officer, who wishes to improve himself in his profession. I have much reason, therefore, to wish for a war; and at the present juncture, it would be much to the advantage of the nation in general, as it is dwindling into a country of ploughmen, manufacturers, and merchants. And you must know, too, that I am pretty fortunate, having already stood thirteen shots, and I never was hit but once."

"Thirteen! what have you fought thirteen duels?"

"No, no!" replied the captain, "the last shot fired at me completed only my sixth duel."

Wonders of Littleness.—Pliny and Ælian relate that Myrmecides wrought out of ivory a chariot, with four wheels and four horses, and a ship with all her tackling, both in so small a compass, that a bee could hide either with its wings. Nor should we doubt this, when we find it recorded in English history, on less questionable authority, that in the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign a blacksmith of London, of the name of Mark Scaliot, made a lock of iron, steel, and brass, of eleven pieces, and a pipe key, all of which only weighed one grain. Scaliot also made a chain of gold, of forty-three links, which he *fastened to the lock and key and put it round the neck* of a flea, which drew the whole with perfect ease. The chain, key, lock, and flea, altogether weighed but one grain and a half!

Hadrianus Junius saw at Mechlin in Brabant, a cherry-stone cut into the form of a basket; in it were fourteen pair of dice distinct, the spots and numbers of which were easily to be discerned with a good eye.

But still more extraordinary than this basket of dice, or any thing we have yet mentioned, must have been a set of turnery shown at Rome, in the time of Pope Paul the Fifth, by one Shad of Mitelbrach, who had purchased it from the artist Oswaldus Norhingerus. It consisted of *sixty hundred* dishes, which were all perfect and complete in every part, yet so small and slender that the whole could be easily enclosed in a case fabricated in a peppercorn of the ordinary size! The Pope is said to have himself counted them, but with the help of a pair of spectacles, for they were so very small as to be almost *invisible* to the naked eye. Although his holiness thus satisfied his own eyes of the fact, he did not, we are assured, require of those about him to subscribe to it on the *credit of his infallibility*; for he gave every one an opportunity of examining and judging for himself, and among the persons thus highly favored, particular *reference is made to Gaspar* Schioppius, Johannes Faber, a physician of Rome.

Tertianus, of whose skill so many wonderful things are related, is said to have fabricated from *milk*, which moved of themselves, so minute in size, that a monk could carry one in his sleeve; and yet it was powerful enough to grind in a single day, grain enough *for the consumption* of eight men.

A Whistler.—A boy in Vermont, accustomed to working alone, was so prone to whistling, that, as soon as he was by himself, he unconsciously commenced. When asleep, the muscles of his mouth, chest, and lungs were so completely concatenated in the association, he whistled, with astonishing shrillness. A pale countenance, loss of appetite, and almost total prostration of strength, convinced his mother it would end in death. If not speedily overcome, which was accomplished by placing him in the society of another boy, who had orders to give him a blow as soon as he began to whistle.

THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE NEW YORK "SUN," SEPTEMBER 3, 1833.

(The *Sun* is the Oldest of All the Existing Popular Morning Papers.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"pony expresses." The schooners sailed out miles into the ocean to meet incoming ships, and the "pony expresses" ran races between New York and Boston and Washington for the domestic news.

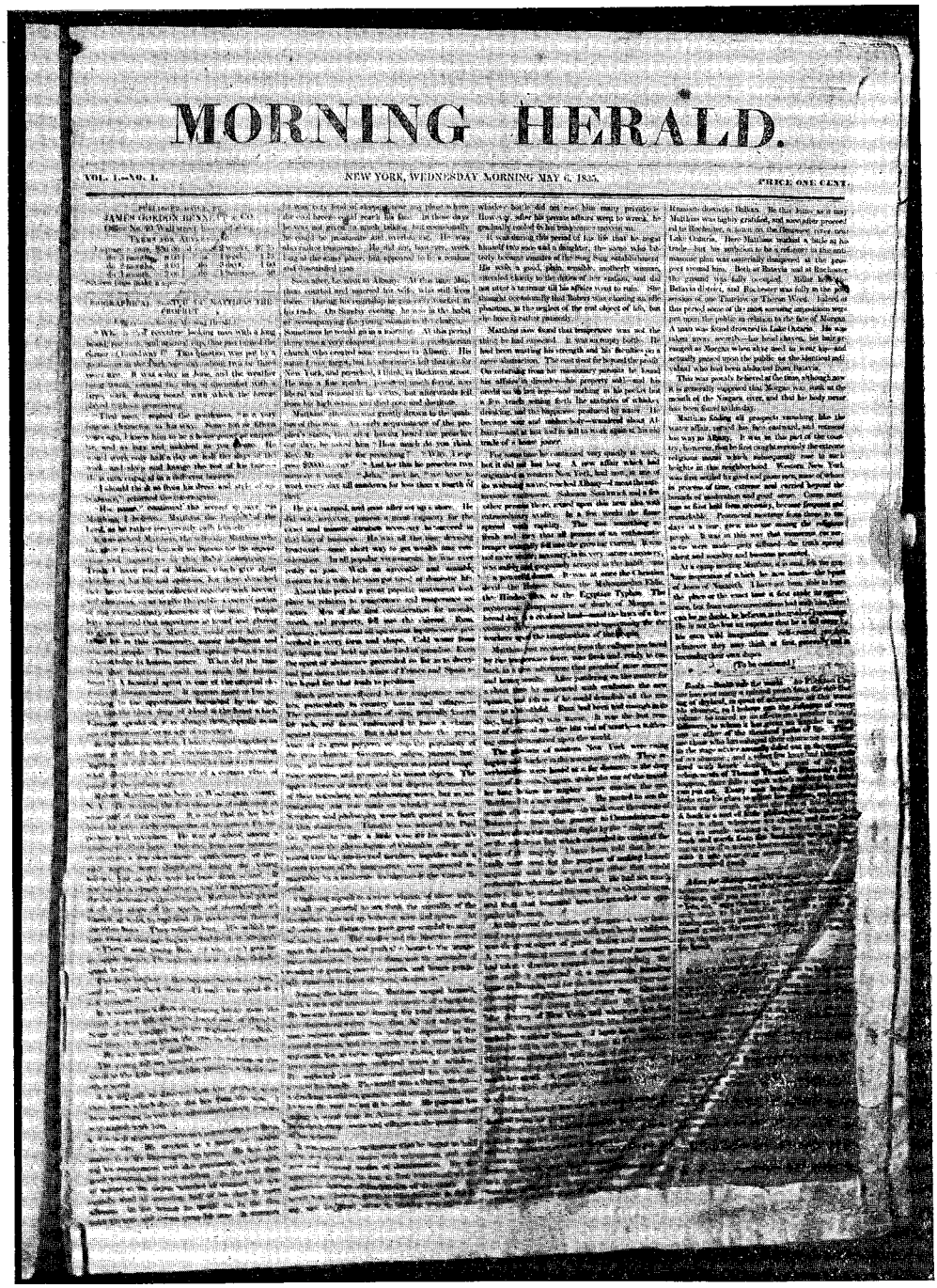
The beginnings of modern journalism were based on two great ideas. On the one hand papers for the people, and therefore papers that would be broader in scope and lower in price; on the other hand papers independent of narrow political and business restrictions. That these ideas were in the air for some years before the new journalism took definite form it is impossible to doubt. But it needed certain men who towered above their fellows—men great in their energy, their far-sightedness, and in the strength of their beliefs to realise these ideas and to present them in tangible form. The introduction of Cheapness and of Independence were to all practical purposes simultaneous. That the Cheap Press happened to precede the Independent Press by about three years seems to have been a mere accident. It may have had an apparent importance at the time; but looking back at the movement after seventy years we see that it had no great significance. Day founded the *Sun* as a Cheap Paper; James Gordon Bennett founded the *Herald* as an Independent Paper; but in reality both were drifting along with and aiding to direct the same movement. The names of Benjamin Day, of Bennett, of Greeley, of Raymond, of Dana, and of Reid are familiar to every New Yorker; that of Horatio Davis Sheppard is almost forgotten, yet he was the originator of the Penny Paper. If you will turn to James Parton's *Life of Horace Greeley* you will find the story told with an elaboration and detail which is impossible here.

Told briefly, the story points the same pathetic moral that marks almost all the stories of the pioneers of any idea or enterprise. Sheppard himself gave much and with but little return. All aglow with the belief in the feasibility of his scheme for the foundation of a popular penny paper to be vended and distributed by the newsboy, he tramped about the city, visiting almost every newspaper office, expounding his project not only to printers and editors, but to any one who would listen to him long enough, only to have his idea derided on the ground that it was utterly impossible as a business proposition. He found that he could not get the assistance he required; he resolved to make a desperate effort to start the paper himself. His capital was fifty dollars in cash and a promise of credit for two hundred dollars worth of paper. At length, after a certain compromise, he induced two printers to undertake the printing of the forthcoming sheet on the

PARK ROW IN 1830.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

promise that he would pay the bill for composition every Saturday. These printers were Francis Story, who had been the foreman of *The Spirit of the Times* office, and Horace Greeley, and it is interesting to note that Greeley went into the project reluctantly and with little faith in the feasibility of the idea. Up to



MORNING HERALD.

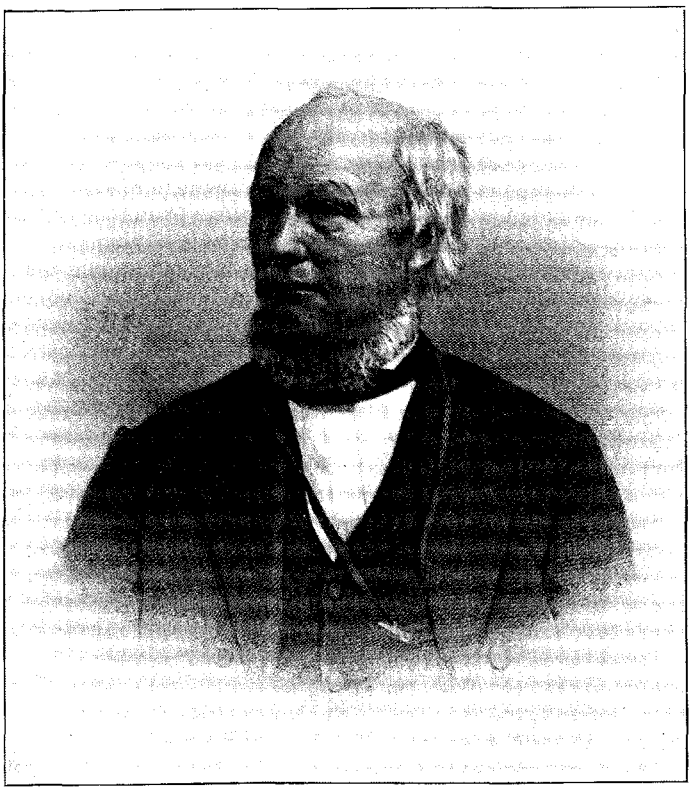
VOL. I.—NO. 1. NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY MORNING MAY 6, 1835. PRICE ONE CENT.

THE FIRST COPY OF THE NEW YORK "HERALD," MAY 6, 1835.
Photographed for THE BOOKMAN from the only copy known to be in existence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a certain point Greeley was right. The first copy of the *Morning Post* appeared January 1, 1833; on the third day of the third week the *Morning Post* ceased to exist. And to Sheppard the bitterest part of it must have been that the failure was due to that compromise, suggested by Horace Greeley, by which the price of the paper was placed at two cents instead of one.

But the idea was now in the air, and

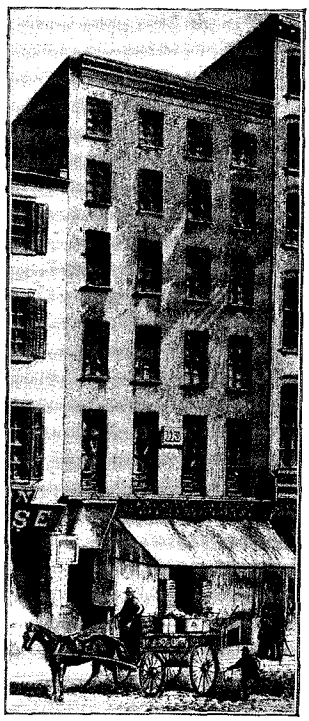


HORACE GREELEY.

less than nine months later, on Tuesday, the 3d of September, the first number of the *Sun* was issued from its office at 222 William Street. The history of the *Sun* has always been marked by a peculiar consistency, not of course necessarily of political creed, but a certain consistency of purpose and method, and in the first brief and business-like prospectus there will be found the unmistakable ring of the *Sun* of to-day. In this announcement attention was of course called to the fact that the paper was published at a price within the means of every one, but the feature upon which the special stress was laid was that the *Sun* had come to print "All the News of the Day." Its success was immediate. The first number was made up of twelve columns, each ten inches long; four columns of advertisements; a column of poetry; two columns of anecdote; a column of shipping news; a column of financial information; and the rest of the paper devoted to police news and miscellaneous items. One of the mail coaches then running between Boston and Lynn had been robbed of thirteen thousand dollars, and the *Sun* printed an offer of one thousand dollars for the thieves and money. Two lines told of the disturbed conditions in Mexico. An advertisement giving notice of the annual State election was signed by John A. Dix, then Secretary of the State of New York. These details are typical.

Of this first issue only three hundred copies were printed, but it was not long before the *Sun* had outstripped in circu-

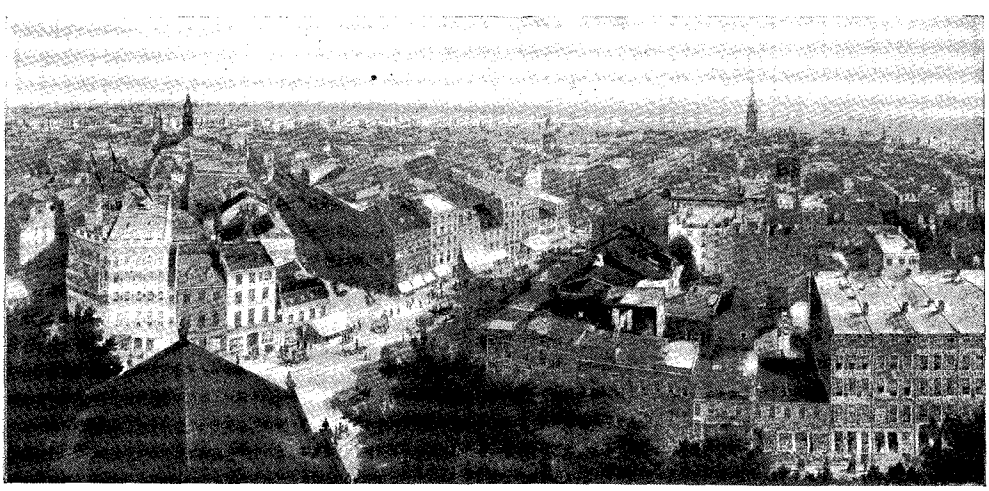
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FIRST HOME OF THE NEW YORK "TIMES."

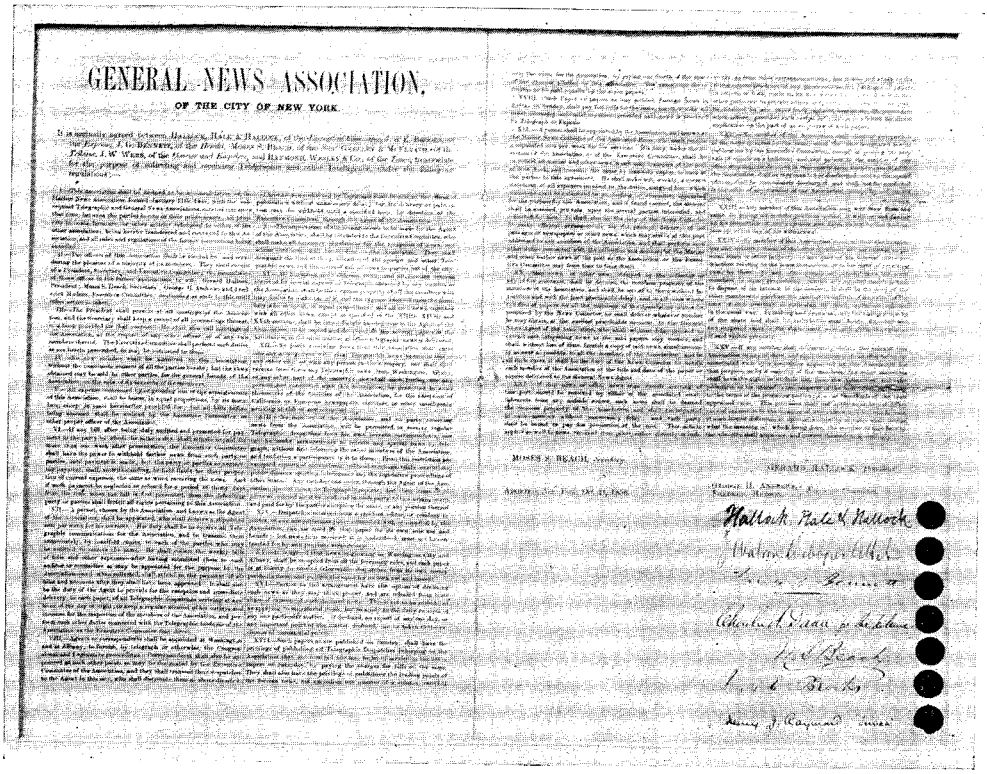
lation all of its heavy and pompous competitors. Almost from the beginning it assumed the general character it has today, paying great attention to stories about town, to the police reports, and generally widening its news aspect. On the 1st of January, 1835, it boasted of a daily circulation of eight thousand. Connected with Day in the management of the paper were Richard Adams Locke and Moses Yale Beach. It must be remembered that the *Sun* was the property of the Beach family from 1837 until the time in 1868 when it was purchased by the late Charles A. Dana and his associates. The idea of the Penny Press had taken root. The success of the *Sun* was Sheppard's vindication. None could doubt that the new journalism had come to stay. But it needed a new force to develop it and to carry it on to greater and more riotous achievement. That force was the elder Bennett.

Bennett was the great figure in the newspaper revolution. It was he who best expressed in his methods of news gathering the modern spirit. Like Greeley, he brought to the aid of natural genius an immense energy and an unbounded capacity for hard work. Sixteen years before the appearance of the first number of the *Herald,* Bennett, then about twenty years of age, landed at Halifax. From Halifax he made his way to Portland, whence a steamer conveyed him to Boston, where he remained two years. From Boston he went to New York, and met the publisher of a Charleston newspaper, who engaged him as translator from the Spanish and general assistant. Then back to New York, drifting from employment to employment, unsuccessfully attempting to launch a "Commercial School," eking out a scant living by reporting and paragraphing for the newspapers—there you have briefly the early history of the most feared and hated



LOWER NEW YORK ABOUT 1850.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GENERAL NEWS ASSOCIATION.

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

PHOTOGRAPH OF CONTRACT FOR THE FIRST NEWS ASSOCIATION.

New-York Daily Times.

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPA'S MAILS.

AFFAIRS IN ENGLAND.

The Election in France—Arrests, &c.

THE THREATENED DISTURBANCE IN AUSTRIA.

SOUTHERN EUROPE.

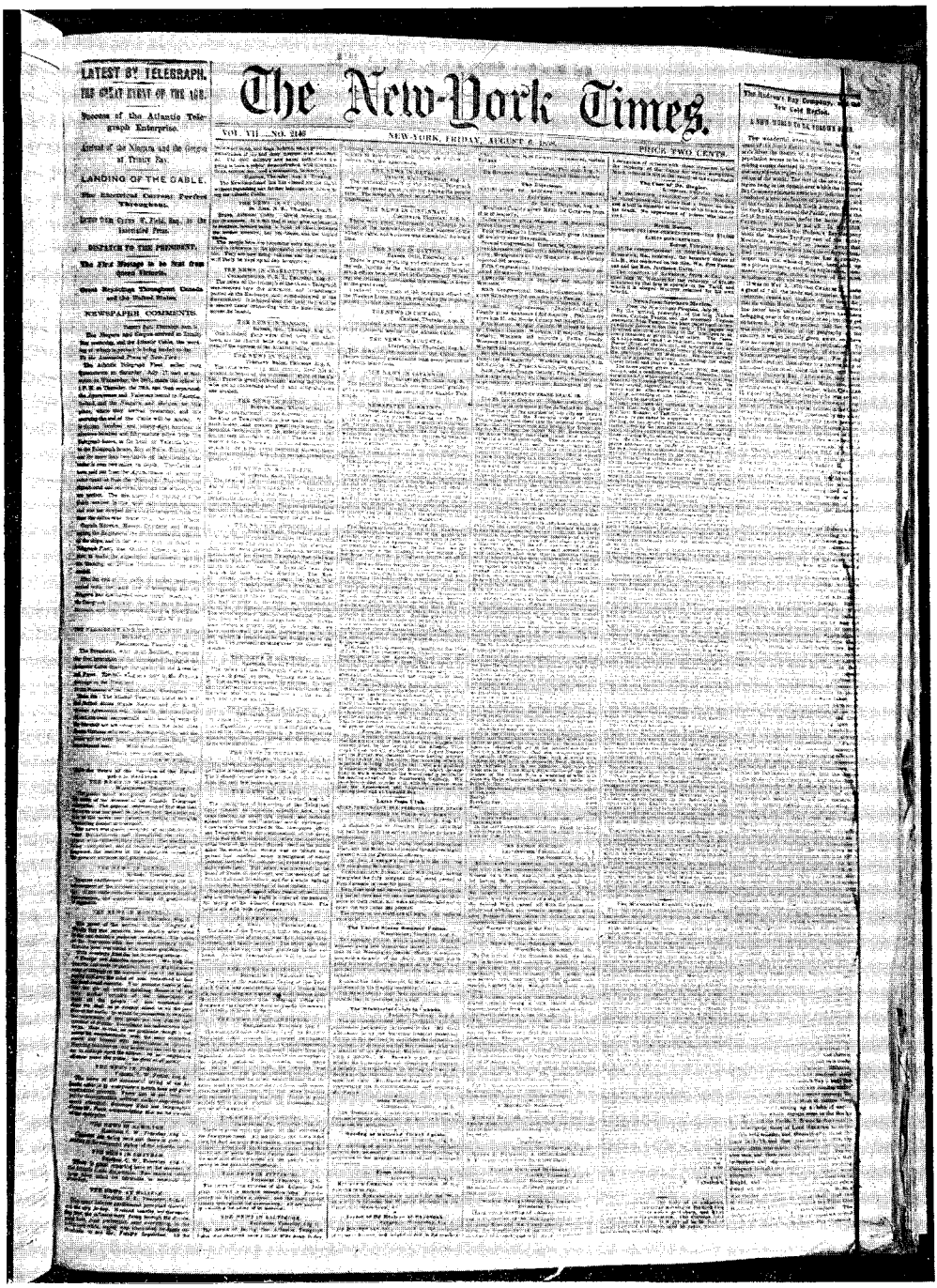
New-York Daily Times.

VOL. I.....NO. 1. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1851. PRICE ONE CENT.

THE FIRST COPY OF THE NEW YORK "TIMES," SEPTEMBER 18, 1851.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

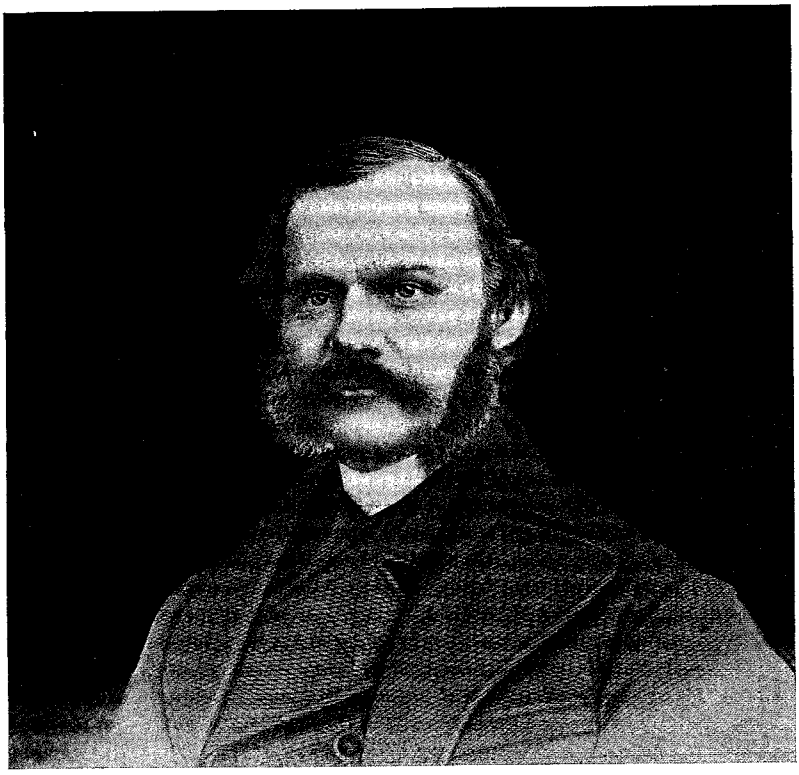
of men of his day and city. One thing must be said of him, one thing that contributed greatly to his ultimate success (and again it was much the same with Greeley), he had no vices. He never drank to excess, nor gambled, nor even smoked, nor in any other way wasted the immense vitality which Nature had bestowed upon him. It was this vitality which carried him through his early


LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.
THE GREAT EVENT OF THE AGE.
Success of the Atlantic Telegraph Enterprise.
LANDING OF THE CABLE.
DESPATCH TO THE PRESIDENT.
NEWSPAPER COMMENTS.
The New-York Times.
VOL. VII.—NO. 2140
NEW-YORK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1858.
PRICE TWO CENTS

NUMBER OF THE NEW YORK "TIMES" WHICH ANNOUNCED THE SUCCESS OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years of adversity; which made him one of the chief factors in the success, between 1829 and 1832, of the *Courier and Enquirer;* which enabled him to start again as buoyant and indomitable as ever after the failure of the *Globe* and of the Philadelphia enterprise which swept away all his laboriously acquired capital, and which finally led him to start the *Herald* and to carry it on to power and financial success.



HENRY JARVIS RAYMOND, FOUNDER OF THE "TIMES."

The *Herald,* as we have said, was started as an Independent Paper just as the *Sun* had been started as a Penny Paper.

The initial number was issued on Wednesday morning, May 6, 1835, from the basement of Number 20 Wall Street. It was started on a capital of five hundred dollars. Bennett had at first no assistant. He was editor, reporter, proprietor, and office boy. Seated at a wooden desk, made of two flour barrels and a piece of board, he sold his own paper to visitors, received advertisements, and wrote editorials and news. In the very first number of the *Herald*—a small sheet, four little pages of four columns each, but well printed and without a waste line in it—the revolutionary principles upon which Bennett had builded were very emphatically expounded.

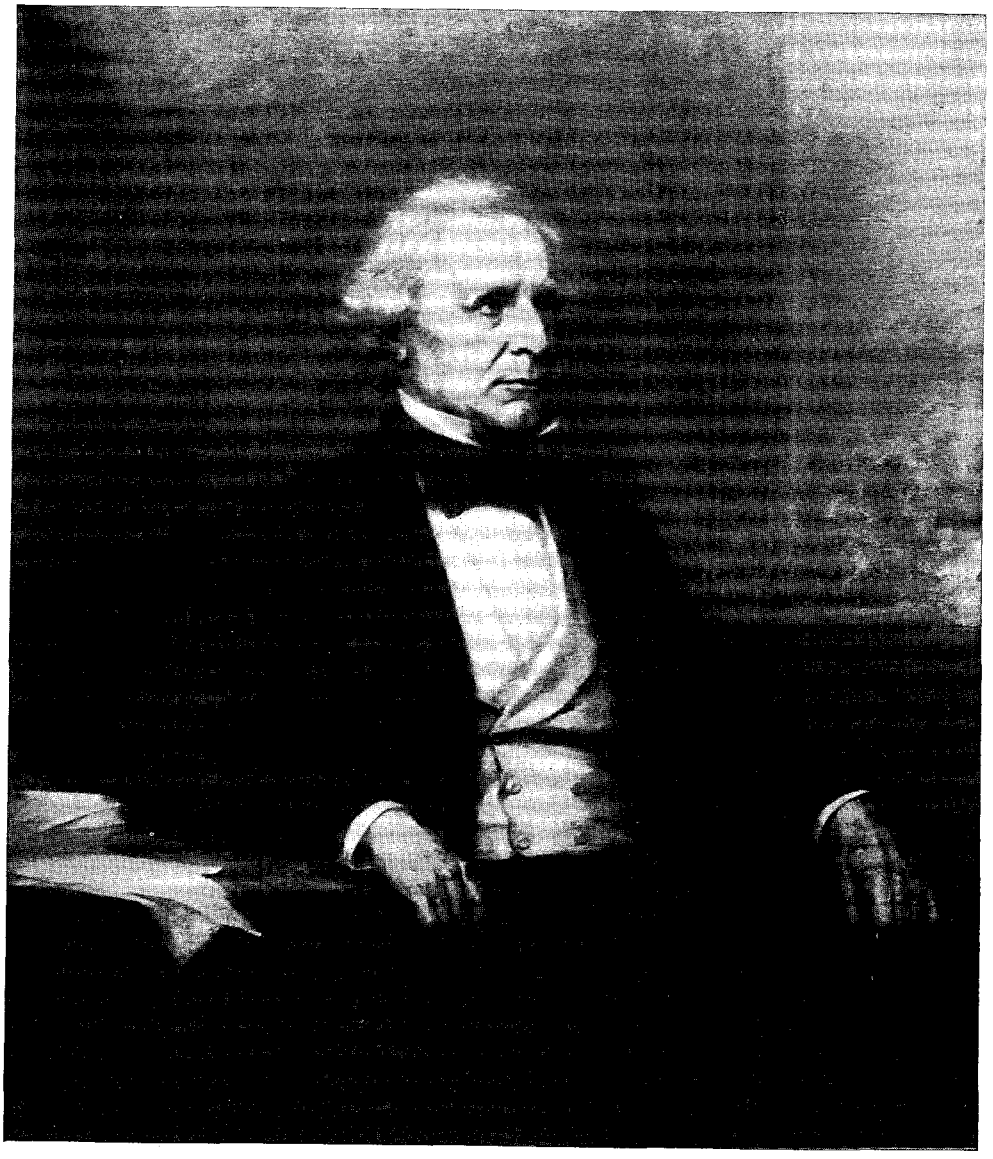
> We openly disdain all steel traps, all principle, as it is called—all party, all politics. . . . We shall support no party—be the organ of no faction or coterie. . . . If the *Herald* wants the mere expansion which so many journals possess, we shall try to make it up in industry good taste, brevity, variety, point, piquancy and cheapness.

In another issue he said, "We have never been in a minority, and we never shall be." In other words, it was the people, the whole people, that Bennett had in mind—to give them the news, the whole news to amuse, to interest. He therefore gave up "all principle" and simply tried to mirror things. To do this political independence was necessary. That was his strength as a journalist.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That was the new element he introduced. Of the collateral weaknesses, important as they are, we shall say nothing here.

Bennett's difficulties were enormous. It was, as Parton has said in a very admirable study of the journalist, "one poor man in a cellar against the world," for Bennett had, of course, the active opposition of the politicians, the business men and the conservative newspapers. He met their attacks by producing from the very beginning an eminently live and amusing newspaper. The *Herald* struck immediately the note which it was to maintain throughout—live news and a mocking, cynical editorial tone. People read it for the news, not for the editorial tone. More than that of any other newspaper, the development of Bennett's enterprise during the early years of its existence marked the development of the modern newspaper spirit. With indefatigable energy Bennett introduced successive features. Editorially he used from the

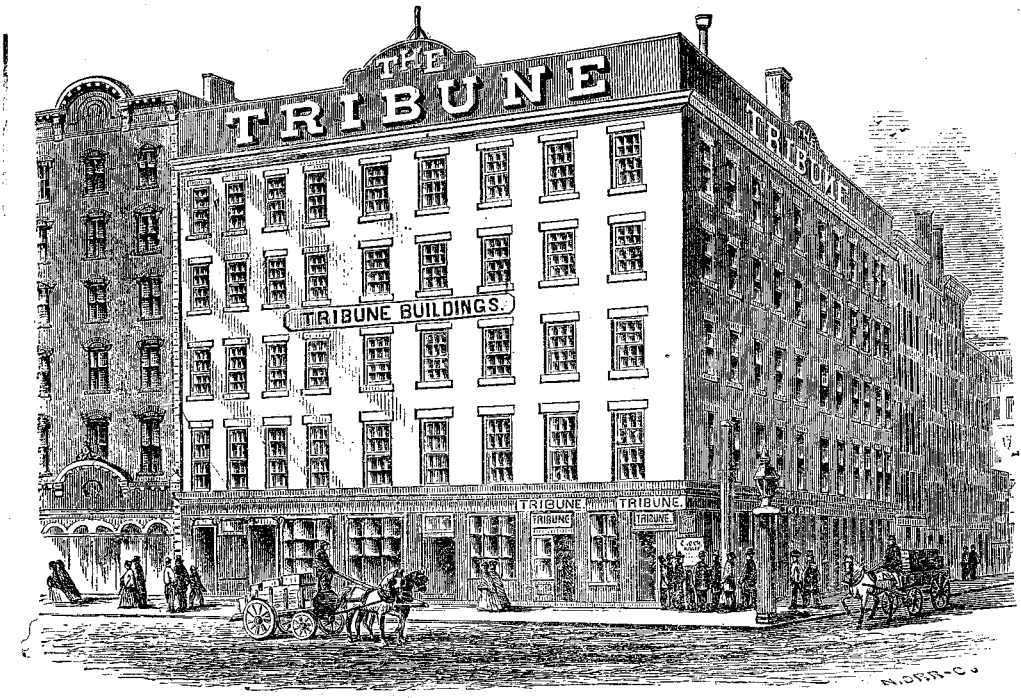


THE ELDER JAMES GORDON BENNETT. FROM A PAINTING IN THE "HERALD" OFFICE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beginning the bright, stinging paragraph. "Many men," says Parton, "can growl in a cellar; this man could laugh and keep laughing, and make the floating population of a city laugh with him." He laughed to the point at events interesting the public. Alluding on one occasion to the Old School and the New School Presbyterian controversy, he said, characteristically: "Great trouble among the Presbyterians just now. The question in dispute is whether or not a man can do anything toward saving his own soul." He also predicted from 1835 to the crash of 1837 that the prosperity of the country was unreal and would end in disaster, and in many sharp, biting sketches he ridiculed the rage for land speculation prevalent in 1836.

But, as has been said, what made the paper was what was done in the way of news. Bennett's working day began at five o'clock in the morning. After writing his light, flippant paragraphs, he went forth, about one o'clock, to Wall Street and became the first financial reporter, recording from day to day, for the first time, the conditions of the Stock Market. At that time, just preceding the crash of 1837, all eyes were turned toward Wall Street, so that the *Herald,* containing the daily quotations of the market, was in great demand. In the evening he went to the theatres, to the clubs, circulated about the town generally, in order to fill his paper with gossip, anecdote, and local colour. When the *Herald* had been established about eight months a great fire swept Wall Street, and Bennett was quick to seize the opportunity. He spent



THE "TRIBUNE'S" HOME IN THE EARLY DAYS.

half the day among the ruins taking notes, and the other half writing them up in a graphic, picturesque style. He even published a picture of the burning exchange. "American journalism," wrote Parton, "was born amid the roaring flames of the great fire of 1835."

II.

From the time of its foundation until the outbreak of the War of Secession, and in fact to a certain extent throughout that war, the *Herald* must be conceded to have been on the whole the leader in journalistic enterprise. But long before

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the crisis, two great newspapers, the *Tribune* and the *Times*, had been organised, and had proved strong rivals to the *Herald* and played important parts in the development of the modern news spirit. In spite of his rivals, however, Bennett continued to be the great creative journalist. To him is due, among other things, the introduction of the war maps on the occasion of the Canadian rebellion in 1838; of the ship news establishment; of the employment of a fleet of pilot boats to "scoop" the European news from incoming steamers; of the system of reporting public speeches (the *Herald* gave in full those of Calhoun, Clay, and Webster); of the pictorial features of a newspaper on the occasion of the funeral of Andrew Jackson; of reporting the yearly religious meetings (a step which was at first violently opposed by the clergy); and of the organisation of a complete system of war correspondents. It was the *Herald* also which established in 1844 the Overland Express from New Orleans for the purpose of getting the news of the Mexican War; and it was the *Herald* that announced the significance of the discovery of gold in California.

Yet throughout the whole of its founder's life this enterprising, unmoral, if not immoral, newspaper was bitterly assailed. Bennett himself was personally attacked on several occasions. But these assaults, no matter how violent they were, he took lightly. He regarded them as mere incidents inevitable to the management of the newspaper in which he so firmly believed. On one occasion he was chastised in his own office. The next day there appeared in the *Herald* a description of the affair from Bennett's pen, headed: "Horsewhipped Again." This universal hatred and opposition was, it must be said, partly justified. It led almost directly to the establishment of the *Herald's* great rival in the forties, the *Tribune*. In 1840 there was a systematic war waged against the *Herald* by the "Wall Street Holy Allies," as Bennett called them. The first gun of the battle was fired by Park Benjamin in the *Signal*, and before there was a truce nearly every paper in the country became engaged on one side or the other, and several novelists, magazine writers, lecturers and newspapers of England were pressed into the service.* The allies were supported by politicians, merchants and clergymen. Strong pressure was brought to bear upon the advertisers and subscribers. People who read the *Herald* were denounced as immoral. Theatrical managers were threatened with the loss of the Allies' support if they continued to advertise in the odious newspaper. Bennett fought back vigorously and wittily. He knew better than to lose his temper under the hot fire, and brought into play all his powers of banter and sarcasm, picking out the weakest spots in the organisation of his foes and riddling them through and through. One of the most interesting of the documents in the case was that which, appearing in the *Herald* of June 3, 1840, summed up the comparative strength in the point of circulation of the *Herald* and the Allies. According to the figures, the *Herald's* circulation, daily, weekly and extra, was then fifty-one thousand, while the circulation of all the other papers combined, including the *Sun*, was only thirty-six thousand five hundred and fifty. After a few months' warfare the Allies were pretty badly crippled, and active hostilities, so far as the public was concerned, came to an end. The following year marked the establishment of the *Tribune*.

Horace Greeley began the *Tribune* with a moral idea. The paper was to a certain extent a reaction against the cynical *Herald*, which had been started and

* The following selections from the epithets launched against the *Herald* give a curious insight into the journalism of that day.

By Park Benjamin, in the *Signal:* "Obscene vagabond," "infamous blasphemer," "loathsome and leprous slanderer and libeller," "wretch," "profligate adventurer," "venomous reptile," "accursed sting," "pestilential scoundrel," "instinct of brutes," "ghoul-like propensity," "polluted wretch," "prince of darkness," "caitiff," "monster," "foul jaws," "black hearted," "dirt," "gallows."

By M. M. Noah, in the *Evening Star:* "Rogue," "cheat," "licentious," "vile," "outrage," "common bandit," "scaffold," "pollution," "depraved appetite," "not live an hour," "inquisition," "torture," "villain," "turkey buzzard."

By James Watson Webb, in the *Courier and Enquirer:* "Unprincipled conductor," "pollute our sheet," "blasphemy," "obscenity," "cell at Sing Sing," "dastardly assault," "moral pestilence," "moral leprosy," "insidious poison," "gloat," "horror and disgust," "ribald vehicle," "vile sheet."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

carried on to prosperity with its one fixed idea, "the news." The *Herald* was unprincipled; it was almost avowedly so; it had the one doubtful virtue of an obstinate and cynical frankness. The *Tribune* tried to combine news with moral and intellectual instruction. Unfortunately the *Tribune* began and continued an organ, sometimes of a political party, always of its own remarkable editor Greeley, who was as full of principles as Bennett was lacking in them. The immediate reason, however, of the *Tribune's* foundation was that there was a good opportunity—the prevailing tendencies of the existing papers being Democratic—for a cheap Whig newspaper. When he launched the *Tribune,* Greeley was scarcely financially solvent. But the real capital on which the paper was founded was a capital of reputation, experience, talent and credit. In his own circle Greeley was known to be a man of incorruptible honesty; politically he was trusted and admired. A thousand dollars was lent him by a friend and the first copy of the *Tribune*—a one-cent paper—appeared April 10, 1841.

From the beginning the *Tribune* adopted the high moral tone which has characterised it throughout its career, just as the purely news aspect which we associate with the *Herald* dated from the days of its foundation. At the present time many of Greeley's ideas would be found intolerably narrow and strait-laced. At first he condemned the theatre, and theatrical advertisements were rigidly excluded from the *Tribune's* columns. No public reports of a sensational or degrading character were allowed to appear. In the first number Greeley wrote: "The *Tribune,* as its name imports, will labour to advance the interests of the People, and to promote their Moral, Social and Political well-being." Thus, briefly, the paper was an attempt to combine the best elements of the old conservative "blanket sheets" and of the Penny Press—to be respectable and to lead, and yet to aim at the whole public rather than at limited classes. Had Greeley kept himself free from fads of various kinds, if he had been as thorough and broad a journalist as he was a vigorous writer and thinker, the *Tribune* might have become *the* great New York newspaper. It did become *a* great New York newspaper. But Horace Greeley was too much interested in Fourierism, abolition of slavery, in politics, in high tariff, in women's rights, and in various socialistic and philanthropic ideas to care primarily for the *Tribune* as a newspaper. He regarded it first of all as an organ in which he could give expression to his own opinions and convictions.

An interesting expression of this journalistic weakness of the *Tribune* was contained in James Parton's article on James Gordon Bennett, which originally appeared in the *North American Review.* In this article Parton lamented the fact that the *Tribune* had made no use of its undoubted opportunity to surpass the *Herald* in pure journalistic excellence, and thus to drive that immoral paper into obscurity or out of existence. Parton's article aroused Greeley's indignation. They met soon after and Greeley was outspoken in his criticism. It happened to be during a strike of the New York Street Railway conductors for higher wages. "I believe my general view is true," answered Parton; "to-day I can learn more about this street railway excitement from the *Herald* than from any other paper." "Well," explained Greeley, "I don't want to encourage these lawless proceedings." "Exactly," returned Parton. "I could not ask a better case in point. But the true theory is, not to serve one side or another upon any question—merely to give *all* the news." In Parton's article he had said, "An editorial is a man speaking to men, but the news is Providence speaking to men."

Despite these handicaps, the *Tribune's* success was almost immediate. In 1842 the *Herald* (then sold for two cents) had a circulation of fifteen thousand; the *Sun* (one cent) of twenty thousand; and the *Tribune* (a cent and a half) nine thousand five hundred. For ten years the *Herald,* the *Tribune* and the *Sun,* the two former leading, represented journalistic enterprise in New York. It was during these years that the electric telegraph came into use, and that newspaper enterprise was in some respects at its highest point. It must be remembered that this was before the day of the Associated Press and other kindred co-operative organisations by which news is gathered and distributed impartially. Consequently, in journalism every man's hand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was against every other man. Every bit of news had to be laboriously and expensively won. The first great journalistic achievement by telegraph was in 1847, when Henry Clay's speech on the war with Mexico, delivered at Lexington, Kentucky, was telegraphed from Cincinnati to the *Herald*. In the matter of news of this kind the *Tribune* was the *Herald's* most dangerous rival. The *Tribune* also, though in a lesser degree than the *Herald*, had been the object of attack by its competitors, and had survived these assaults and come from them with greater strength and wisdom. One of the greatest battles of those days for a journalistic "beat" was that between the *Herald* on one side and the *Tribune* and its allies on the other in February, 1846. One secret of the *Herald's* was that it had always been the leader in presenting the foreign news by reason of its influence with the captains of the steamships and sailing vessels. An alliance was formed by several papers of New York and Boston, with the *Tribune* at its head, with the object of destroying, if possible, the *Herald's* prestige in this respect. The Cunard Line Steamships then stopped at Halifax, and the object of the alliance was to get the news brought by these boats from Europe to New York in order to eclipse the *Herald* and to destroy its reputation. The story of this struggle is a long one, in which scheme was opposed to scheme and plot by counterplot. We should like to be able to tell it here, but all we have space to say is that the result was another signal victory for the *Herald*.

MR. GREEELY AND MR. DANA IN THE "TRIBUNE" OFFICE.

With the development of the telegraph the rush for the wires by the correspondents of the various papers became one of the great features of newspaper making. There were not enough wires to supply all. It was a realisation of this fact that gave birth to the early Associated Press and the Harbour News Association in 1848 and 1849. This was a great step toward making the newspaper a great institution rather than an organ of personal or party opinion immediately dependent upon individual talent, alertness, and enterprise. It was a step toward the greater dignity and impersonality of journalism.

III.

The first of the great newspapers of New York—all the great newspapers—*have* continued to exist, none of the great ones died—that was born after the inauguration of the electric telegraph and the establishment of the Associated Press, and which in consequence was, in a measure, the result of these marks of progress, was the New York *Times*. The first number of the *Times* bore the date, September 18, 1851. The paper was started partly because of the success of the *Tribune*, which, under the changing conditions of journalism, was doing marvellously well in every way. The year previous to the establishment of the *Times* Greeley's paper was said to have paid its stockholders a dividend of ninety thousand dollars. Such a reward for journalistic enterprise was alluring enough; and in addition, as Parton has pointed out, there was a real place for the *Times*. The *Herald* was still the great *news* paper. The *Tribune* was a powerful editorial journal, having on its staff not only Mr. Greeley, but among others Ripley, Dana and Raymond. From a literary,

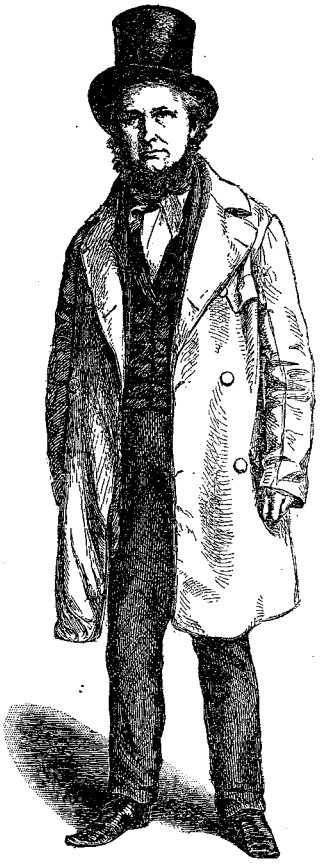
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a philosophic and an editorial point of view the *Tribune* was unrivalled; but it lacked the fairmindedness and impartiality of representative journalism. There was a place for the ideal paper—one that should combine ethical and editorial excellence with keen journalistic ability; one that should aim for both the amusement and the truer welfare of the whole people. People said of the *Tribune,* Parton reports, that it was "an excellent paper and honest, but then it is so full of *isms.*" Whereupon, says Parton, "the *Times* stepped in with a complacent bow and won over twenty thousand of the ism-hating class in a single year." We have told of the introductory articles in the *Sun,* the *Herald* and the *Tribune.* Here is something from that of the *Times:*

> Upon all topics—political, social, moral and religious—we intend that the paper shall speak for itself, and we only ask that it may be judged accordingly. We shall be *conservative* in all cases where we think conservatism essential to the public good, and we shall be *radical* in everything which may seem to us to require radical treatment and radical reform. We do not believe that *everything* in society is either exactly right or exactly wrong; what is good we desire to preserve and improve; what is evil to exterminate and reform.

The editor was, of course, Raymond, one of the greatest journalists that this country has ever produced—in fact, in the news sense the very greatest after James Gordon Bennett. Long before the *Times* was launched Raymond had been a wonderful reporter and general writer. His skill in one detail of the reporter's work was such that whenever Daniel Webster was about to make a speech he sent for him to take it down, preferring Raymond's instinct and appreciation of what was intrinsically significant to the mechanical accuracy of the shorthand reporters. In summing up the career of the *Tribune,* Parton once said that if the paper from the beginning could have had Raymond, with a few years more experience, as its editor and Horace Greeley simply as its editorial writer, the result would have been the absolutely ideal American newspaper. Greeley and Raymond were associated, but not in this way. Greeley was fully appreciative of his subordinate and well said of him: "Abler and stronger men I may have met; a cleverer, readier, a more generally efficient journalist I never saw."

Of course the *Times* fell far short of being the ideal newspaper which Parton had in mind, but, nevertheless, the spirit of its founder marked a decided advance. Bennett and Greeley were the two poles of New York journalism of the day; Raymond was somewhere between the two. On the one hand he was free from



HORACE GREELEY.

that cynicism which led Bennett so often to outrage moral sense and decency; on the other, he had none of the passionate, personal idiosyncrasies of Greeley. Possibly because he was a better balanced man than the other two, his was a less original and commanding personality than that of either. Raymond was so thoroughly a journalist, he had such a strong natural tendency simply to tell the facts, that his attitude toward the important po-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

litical questions of the day was marked by fairness and conservatism. He was one of the keenest of controversialists, but his pointed satire was directed at individuals rather than at ideas. Intelligent, able and comparatively impersonal, he was just the man at that time to take up the work of the development of the newspaper as an institution rather than as the expression of one man's opinions.

The *Tribune* made strenuous efforts to crush the rising *Times,* just as the *Tribune* itself had, at its beginning, been attacked by the *Sun,* and the *Herald* by the Holy Allies. The *Tribune* carriers were forbidden to carry or touch the *Times* under penalty of losing their routes. But it was no use. The *Times* retaliated with vigour and was soon in a position to cope with its rival. Raymond and Greeley exchanged a series of interesting journalistic blows, in the course of which the *Tribune's* editor applied to Mr. Raymond the epithet "Little Villain," which clung to the latter through life.

From the early fifties to the beginning of the Civil War these three great newspapers—the *Herald,* the *Tribune* and the *Times*—were, *par excellence,* the three great newspapers of the United States. The satirical, cynical, unprincipled, witty and fertile Bennett; the thundering, passionate. high-minded Greeley; the clever, lucid, fair-minded Raymond—these were the most salient journalistic personalities. But there were others. The "vigorous, prompt, untiring Dana" (who after the war was to take his place among the greatest of American editors and to put the *Sun* among the greatest of modern newspapers) was during this period, although to the general reading public comparatively obscure, a factor of no mean importance. During the fifties the *Herald,* the *Tribune* and the *Times* were running side by side. They vied with one another in enterprise and political influence. Looking through the files of these papers to-day, we find everywhere in little paragraphs, the significance of which was then not apparent, countless signs of the great war that was to come. Journalism in the fifties was very different from what it had been in the thirties. In a somewhat crude way the great physical agents, the tools, the materials by which a modern newspaper is made, had already been gathered and put to use: the railroad, the electric telegraph, the press association and the system of foreign and war correspondence. Only the Atlantic cable had not yet been laid. So at the time of the greatest national import—the years that preceded and precipitated the War of Secession—the newspapers had at their disposal the means which enabled them adequately to lay before the public the news and to mirror the events which were then of the most vital interest.

The quarrel between the Northern and the Southern States, supposed to have been quieted by the Fugitive Slave Law and the Clay compromises, was stirred up again by the Kansas-Nebraska Bill in 1854; by which it was provided that the inhabitants of these States should decide whether slavery was or was not to be permitted within their States. This bill was hostile to the spirit of the Missouri Compromise, and the Free-soilers and Abolitionists were again aroused. Party lines changed in consequence, the elements from both parties opposed to the extension of slavery came together, and in 1856 the Republican Party was born. The address defining the principles of the new organisation was written by Raymond. The *Times* was thus closely associated with the party of freedom, just as in another time of crisis, of which we shall speak later, it played a still more important part in liberating the city of New York from the grasp of a corrupt political ring. During the campaign which ended in the election of Lincoln the stand taken by the *Times* was more nearly right, as we believe to-day, than that of either of its great rivals. Mr. Raymond's appreciation of Lincoln and his attitude toward the questions dividing the North and the South were shown in the conclusion of his well-known letter to William L. Yancey of Alabama.

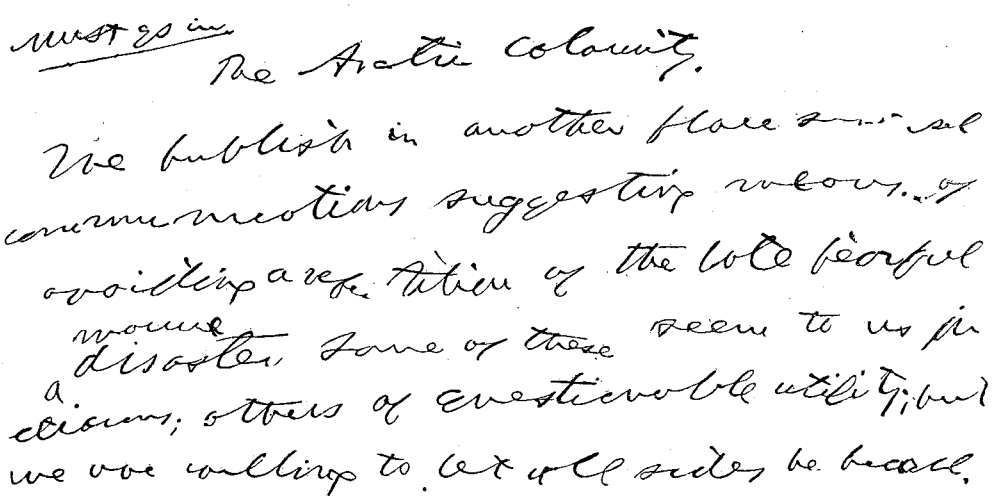
In striking contrast to the attitude of the *Times* was that of the *Herald.* Parton always maintained that the *Herald,* important as a vehicle of news, was not important as a vehicle of opinion. It is true that Lincoln tried to buy its support by offering Bennett the French Mission. "Mr. Lincoln perceived," says Parton, "the strength of this carrier pigeon's pinions, but did not note the trivial character of the message tied to his legs." And probably Parton was essentially

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

right. During the years leading up to the struggle the *Herald* seems not to have had any great political importance. It must in justice be said, however, that in 1852 General Scott attributed his political defeat to three causes, the first of which was the opposition of the New York *Herald*. But whether its political influence was important or whether it was not, the attitude of the paper was always thoroughly consistent with and typical of the general character of Bennett himself.

Bennett had proudly said that he never intended to support a minority. And a newspaper that at the beginning of the quickly developed and magnified. At every battle there was a *Herald* correspondent, and more than $500,000 is said to have been spent in this way by this working newspaper.

Of the position of these three great newspapers during the years immediately preceding the War, that of the *Tribune* was, after all, the most inspiring. The *Times* was wisely and conservatively Republican, but yet occupied, after all, somewhat the position of an organ; and Raymond was ever a politician. But Greeley and the *Tribune!* Here were principle, passion, force, on the side of the rights of human nature. The *Trib-*



A FRAGMENT OF HORACE GREELEY'S MUCH-ABUSED "COPY."

war had as its sole purpose that of representing the majority, had about it something essentially cynical. If there ever was a time when conviction was justified it was then. Bennett's convictions were at first on the side of the South. Why? Because he thought the South would win; and because any moral principle, such as that against slavery, irritated him. As time went on, indeed, he became, true to his habit of being on the winning side, more friendly toward the North. But when the first gun was fired on Sumter the *Herald* was Southern in sympathy. In strong contrast to the *Herald's* editorial spirit was, as ever, its news enterprise. When Sumter was fired upon there were half a dozen *Herald* correspondents in the South in imminent danger of their lives. The system was

une at this time rose above party and the personal eccentricity of its editor into the pure, white light of philanthropic passion. And who could thunder like Greeley? Accused on one occasion by the *Evening Post* of compliancy with the slave interest, Greeley replied in the *Tribune,* beginning with these resounding words: "You lie, villain! wilfully, wickedly, basely lie!" In 1856 the *Tribune* was indicted in the State of Virginia for inciting negroes, as it was alleged, to rise in rebellion. The proceedings were reported in full in the *Tribune.*

In the course of a correspondence on slavery Greeley gave eight reasons why he was against the institution. The fifth reason is: "Slavery is palpably at war with the fundamental basis of our government—the inalienable rights of man. It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a chief obstacle to the progress of republican institutions throughout the world. It is a standing reproach to our country abroad. It is the cause of exultation and joy on the side of armed despots. It is worth more to the Austrian and French tyrants than an additional army of one hundred thousand men." He attended the Chicago Convention of 1860 as a delegate, and when the attack was made on Sumter the *Tribune* was definitely and powerfully on the side of the North. The inflammatory attitude of the *Tribune* was thought to be one of the precipitating causes of the advance of the army which led to the defeat of Bull Run. For some time before that battle the following paragraph was kept constantly standing on the editorial page of the *Tribune:*

"The Nation's War-Cry."

"Forward to Richmond! Forward to Richmond! The Rebel Congress must not be allowed to meet there on the 20th July! By that date the place must be held by the National Army!"

Hutchins Hapgood and Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

SIX BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I. John R. Spear's "The American Slave Trade."

II. Francis N. Thorpe's "A History of American People."

III. Poultney Bigelow's "The Children of the Nations."

There are only two things that justify a man in presenting a new history: one is that he has something new to tell, the other is that he can tell the old things with a new effectiveness because of better arrangement or newer point of view.

When John R. Spears wrote his monograph *The American Slave Trade,* he stood fairly up to this challenge. He had something new to tell. He had a mass of most valuable and enlightening material, which he had unearthed in his long and scholarly investigations when he was preparing his works on the American navy. He also was able to tell with effectiveness and discrimination the story of a terrible traffic which began with but slight reproach and lasted till we proved ourselves the most laggard of nations to feel its shame.

One year before the *Mayflower* landed her seekers after liberty, a Dutch ship brought to Virginia the first cargo of African slaves. They were an industrial "godsend," for the English settlers were already convinced of their own physical inability to get crops out of that hot soil. Slavery at once began to be the foundation of Southern agricultural prosperity.

But before a hundred years the African slave trade was also the foundation to a large degree of the New England commercial prosperity. All the Yankee colonies sent out slavers. By 1770 Rhode Island alone had 150 vessels in the slave trade. In 1787 the pious Samuel Hopkins wrote in his *Reminiscences:* "This trade in human species had been the first wheel of commerce in Newport, on which every other movement in business has depended. That town has been built up and flourished on the slave trade, and by it the inhabitants have gotten most of their wealth." To many of the progenitors of the New England conscience the slave trade was a kind of missionary exercise in the absence of foreign missions; one good old elder is recorded as "always returning thanks on the Sunday following the arrival of a slaver in the harbour of Newport, that an overruling Providence has been pleased to bring to this land of freedom another cargo of benighted heathen to enjoy the blessing of a Gospel dispensation." That generation believed that Christians and sugar could be raised by the same stroke.

Later, when the Northern States abolished slave-holding in their own domains they did not obstruct the profitable slave trade of their citizens by so much as a sprig of seaweed before the bows of their ships.

Many of these old traders were scrupulously honest and as humane with their piteous freight as conditions would permit. Moreover, the special dangers of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the trade from pirates, privateers, and men-of-war, whom they were likely to fight yardarm to yardarm, and the peculiar uncertainties as to the success of each venture, developed a marked fortitude in the skippers and crews; and indeed created those magnificent qualities of hardy and careful seamanship which gave to the Anglo-Saxon sailors of the eighteenth century the dominion of the sea.

But the horrors were never absent; and the trade, instead of growing more gentle with civilisation, grew more wantonly cruel until, after 1750, language is beggared to describe its hideousness. The average height of the slave-deck was *three feet;* here the captives were chained, lying down, each with a space of sixteen inches, and kept there for months when the cargo was being gathered, and for months more on the passage. The stench of a slave ship could sometimes be detected five miles away. The slaver's problem was to find the point where the minimum of mortality and the minimum of expense met.

He found it. For with all the deaths and the disease germs engendered, the profits were enormous. No other ventures paid so well. A single voyage often paid 100 per cent. on the entire capital invested, including the cost of the ship. A fair comparison is with the modern transatlantic liner which nets, perhaps, $25 per passenger, while the old slaver netted $250 per passenger.

It is to England's imperishable glory that she made the first stand against this enormously profitable business, even while it was pouring gold into her; and that it was her laws, her great subsidies, her war-ships that finally broke it up. The American legislation against it, which began in 1808, was to a degree hypocritical, and the efforts to enforce it were perfunctory; as late as Webster's English treaty in 1842 we refused to allow British cruisers to search a slaver carrying the American flag, and straightway every slaver flew the Stars and Stripes at a time when the trade was outlawed as piracy. Though we were bound to keep cruisers on the African coast with the British for its suppression, no American President until Lincoln made one thorough effort to stop it. The Abolitionists were powerless while every administration truckled to the Slaveocracy, which even in 1850 offered prizes for the best Christian sermons on the desirability of re-legalising the African slave trade.

But as Mr. Spears writes, "A river of Jordan, running bankful of blood, lay before us, and we were about to be bathed in it and be healed."

No less readable, if for other reasons, is Professor Francis N. Thorpe's *A History of the American People.* These reasons are notable, for one's first impulse is to resent his use of a title which runs so close to that of the monumental work by his fellow-professor, Dr. MacMaster; and this feeling is not diminished when the reader discovers that Professor Thorpe has not gone deeper in investigation than Dr. MacMaster, but has apparently made as liberal (though perfectly legitimate) use of the latter's pictures of the life of the people as suited his purpose.

Professor Thorpe has given us a clever history. Its cleverness consists in the fact that in a single volume of six hundred pages there is given a better idea of the course both of public affairs and of the life of the people of our country than is presented anywhere else with the same brevity. This is done by a judicious and satisfactory balancing of the two lines of history—public affairs and the people's life and thought. In other words, Professor Thorpe gives the story of public affairs as the framework for the story of the people. On the one hand he does not assume that the course of politics and treaties and wars is fully familiar to the reader, and on the other hand he shows a distinguished reticence in drawing out that most interesting narrative. He has the whole business in a clear perspective. That is the most praiseworthy feature of his work—he got his excellent point of view and has not yielded to any serious temptation to change his attitude. In a construction where the temptations to alter the proportions were incessant, this steadiness is pleasant to commend.

The method of Professor Thorpe is to present the history by a series of pictures. Each of his thirty-nine chapters is a salient theme, and on the skeleton of the narrated events is hung a discussion of the questions involved from the beginning. In consequence, the book is a string

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of vivid views individualised enough to hit strong and to stay distinct.

This fine quality is the more marked because the author's style is commonplace. It is true its crudity and frequent obscurity can be forgiven, because the sentences at least are short and are always vigorous, but it is, nevertheless, a pity that a history so happily conceived and admirably constructed should not have made itself a classic by its degree in style.

Yet, before it can become even a serious authority, it needs to be extensively corrected as to a multitude of inaccuracies. Professor Thorpe was obviously in such absorbed concern to preserve his masterly attitude that he told much history from memory, and some things he told which he never knew, and he took no trouble to re-examine his statements.

Perhaps, he would say, it was a small matter to call Marcus Whitman, the man whose three-thousand-mile ride saved Oregon to the United States, a Methodist missionary, when his far-seeing heroism is the special pride of the Congregationalists; but it is not a trivial inaccuracy to say that President Lincoln called for the 75,000 volunteers on the 1st of April, when Sumter was not fired on till the 12th. A careful historian should not make the slip of giving to Scott or MacClellan the President's specific constitutional title of commander-in-chief, when general-in-chief was their legal title. The Schley investigations show how difficult it is for even the participants to tell history straight, but pretty nearly everybody can appreciate the generous humour of such inaccuracies as these:

"Finally, on the morning of June 1 Captain Evans of the *Iowa* sighted the *Christobal Colon* and the *Maria Teresa* in Santiago Harbour." It was on the 31st of May, and Captain Evans really was not everything down there.

"On June 20 the army began landing at Santiago." It was at Daquiri, and the landing began on the 22d.

When describing the battle of Guasimas, which occurred on the 24th, he says, "This was the battle of Siboney on the 22d;" and he calls the Rough Riders a "volunteer company under Colonel Wood and Captain Roosevelt." Even the date of the assault on San Juan Hill is put a day before its time.

These are the more striking of the blunders in Professor Thorpe's story of the Spanish War, but they are enough to make the book laughably worthless as a record of smaller facts until it is thoroughly revised by a competent hand. If Professor Thorpe has been as reckless in his voluminous statistics which show the commercial and industrial development of the country, and if in his narratives of events he has used his memory instead of verified notes throughout, then the bottom falls out of his pretty work.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow's book, to which he gives the fanciful title *The Children of the Nations,* is also a kind of history. It is a review of the efforts of the various modern nations in colonisation, with a special aim of holding up their blunders for the behoof of the United States, the latest of the colonisers. The aim is a worthy as well as timely one, and Mr. Bigelowcould not write dull pages if he tried. I wish I knew if he could write substantial contributions to literature if he tried.

There seems to be no reason why he should not. He knows his subjects thoroughly enough apparently. He has a most keen and penetrating and true insight. He has the happiest dramatic sensibility in his art of presenting things vividly. He has every prejudice on the part of his readers in his favour. And yet there is about his style a certain absence of reserve, a quivering of gayety, which seems always to pigeon-hole it for newspapers and magazines rather than for library volumes. What he says is probably indisputable; certainly it is delightfully entertaining, and I am persuaded that if he barely fails of being seriously convincing in style, it is because of his lifelong habit of writing first of all cleverly, breezily, dramatically.

These impressions are doubtlessly strengthened by Mr. Bigelow's book having been read in the atmosphere created by the two preceding. Though it might have been more substantial, without being less readable, it has a place as an illuminating and suggestive review of colonial enterprises from the days of Columbus to the present year, and in its bearing on our own problems it justifies its invitation to be read.

Francis Bellamy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IV.

Byron's Works.*

The sixth volume of Byron's prose writings concludes one of the most attractive collections of letters and journals in the language, and one of the best edited works that our literature possesses. That the contents of this particular volume are not quite so notable as those of some of its predecessors arises in part from Byron's removal from Italy to the then less interesting sphere of Greece, and partly from his strained relations with his publisher. Byron was never so thoroughly at home as when writing to Murray, and the circumstance that this period, as far as Albemarle Street is concerned, yields little but short, ill-tempered, scolding letters, detracts much from the interest of the correspondence. There is, however, no lack of entertainment in other quarters, although Byron's remoteness from England during the last eight months of his life tends to limit both the number and the value of his communications. At the time of his death the Greek enterprise was not sufficiently mature to give him much scope for expressing himself. Had he survived, we should have had a body of letters exhibiting him, as we fully believe, to great advantage as a man of affairs. He always appears at his best when corresponding with dependents, when the demon of morbid vanity is asleep, and nothing interferes with the natural kindness and considerateness of his disposition.

One of the most interesting of the additions is a letter from Byron to the elder Disraeli, published by the latter, but not, we suppose, hitherto incorporated with Byron's writings. In it Byron actually hints that Disraeli might drop in upon Murray and take a look at the manuscript memoirs, from which we can only infer that he did not mean their publication to be entirely posthumous. Had Disraeli accepted the invitation and received access (which is most dubious), the world would have known more about them than it has been able to extract from Moore or Hobhouse.

Another addition of interest is the beginning of a satirical attack on Wordsworth which Byron began to write, but, fortunately for his reputation, did not finish. In the main he shows to more advantage than his opponents in his controversies with the Lake Poets. It is impossible not to feel that their diatribes are to a great extent inspired by sheer envy, a feeling which Byron's popularity precluded him from entertaining, and to which he does not seem to have been prone in any case. Southey's overweening estimate of his own ability to contend with such an antagonist keeps one continually divided between compassion and amusement. "One word of advice to Lord Byron," he says, "before I conclude. When he attacks me again, let it be in rhyme." And Byron has *The Vision of Judgment* up his sleeve at the very time! Mr. Prothero remarks upon the paucity of references to Byron in Southey's correspondence as edited by his son; but he might have found several in the letters published by the Rev. J. W. Warter, though only one is of much interest. "Lord Byron's commendations [of 'Roderick']," says Southey, in a letter to Wynn, of December 12, 1814, "are repeated to me from all quarters. I regard them precisely as I did his condemnation of 'Madoc;' the one opinion just serves to show the worthlessness of the other; for if one of these poems be bad, it is quite impossible that the other can be good." Evidently Southey was not to be placated. It further appears from this correspondence that it was from Wynn that he heard of Byron's dedication of "Don Juan." The only other instance of incomplete information which we have remarked is in the notice of Medwin on page 201, from which it might be inferred that his Life of Shelley was published in 1833. The little memoir bearing that date is only the precursor of the fuller, though still miserably defective, biography published in 1847.

Among additions to the correspondence may be named some early letters from abroad to Byron's man of business, Hanson, printed from the Egerton manuscripts in the British Museum. The archives of Florence have yielded reports concerning Byron's residence at Pisa from an Italian spy named Torelli, who considers that "if he had not the reputation of being mad, he ought to be

*The Works of Lord Byron. A new, revised and enlarged edition. Letters and Journals. Vol. VI. Edited by Rowland E. Prothero. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

watched by all the police of Europe." This worthy's account of the affray with the dragoon is drawn up in the most malignant spirit, and makes the most ludicrous confusion between Shelley and Captain Hay. It appears that the Italian novelist and publicist, Guerazzi, then a mere boy, was a witness of this affair. Writing of it half a century afterward, he says: "I also saw—and the impression which it made on me was lasting—all the English inhabitants of Pisa, whether they were Byron's friends or not, gather armed to defend the palace of their great national poet. I thought, if he had been an Italian, his fellow-countrymen would have assembled to stone him; and then I began to understand why the English are a great nation, and why the Italians are—"

But, differing from Signor Guerazzi's estimate of his countrymen, we omit it, and confine ourselves to hoping that our own may always continue to be in this respect what they were in the time of Byron.

Among the illustrations to the volume are Phillips's portrait of Byron, the most pleasing of any; and one of Trelawny, after a mezzotint, apparently intended to convey "the dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft," but with the savage uppermost. *Richard Garnett.*

V.

HENRY SETON MERRIMAN'S "THE VELVET GLOVE."*

In the field of "Womanology" Mr. Henry Seton Merriman has not always excelled. Possessing the gift of story-telling to an exceptional degree, his cleverness has seemed too cold, his art too niggardly of sentiment, to create a convincing heroine. In *The Velvet Glove,* however, Mr. Merriman reveals himself to be a subtle and charming feministe.

Juanita de Mogente is a peach-cheeked girl, maturing in the bigoted atmosphere of a Jesuit nunnery, at the period of Spanish history when the Carlist war had set the Catalonian Republicans and the priest-ridden Navarrese at each other's throats. About this conventual maid the author has woven a tale of real interest and painted a picture of papal Spain more vivid than he made of Russia in his *Sowers,* or of Spain in his *Kedar's Tents.*

Francisco de Mogente, the father of Juanita, returns to Saragossa after an exile spent in carving out a fortune in Santiago de Cuba. Don Francisco de Mogente hates the Church. And Don Francisco de Mogente has three million *pesetas* in the English funds. There is also a son, the flaccid-faced Leon. In an earlier will the father has left his stupendous wealth to this youth. But Leon dreams of the cassock with suppressed exultation, and not one *real* of his hoard will Francisco chance being swallowed by the greedy maw of the Church. On his way to the Palacio Sarrion, belonging to his old friends, father and son of that name, Francisco is stabbed by Spanish cut-throats. In his last moments he signs over his fortune to Juanita, who is in the hands of the Sisters of the True Faith when the Carlist cause is dying for want of funds and the Jesuits know that it is Don Carlos or a Republic.

Evasio Mon, the craftiest abettor of the Carlist cause, as black a Jesuit as any of the cassocked brood, conceals the villainies of a richly evil life under a soft, worsted manner and a smile of consummate suavity. The author devotes a page of very admirable description to the Mon smile. Physiognomy-defying, yet diabolical, it is a creation that any literary sculptor might be proud of. When it wreathes itself upon the face of the tallowy Jesuit it can be counted upon that the air is heavily charged with interesting iniquities. The play for Juanita's millions, made on one side by Evasio Mon, employing all his sinister strategy to force her to the veil, and on the other by Marcos de Sarrion, who believes that he can make her happier than the Church, is fertile in mettlesome situation and in some notable character drawing. "The still, brown-faced Marcos" takes hold of life with his bare hand. Under the subtle decoy of The Velvet Glove, Evasio Mon grapples with his taciturn opponent in the arena of political intrigue and discovers it to be a hand of iron. Plotting with the "Carlist Cats," Mon swears to deliver in six months' time the three million *pesetas* to the Cause. The Sarrions allow themselves three weeks in which to rescue Juanita from the convent gates. Insidious

*The Velvet Glove. By Henry Seton Merriman. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but immediate is the pressure of The Velvet Glove. Juanita is a prisoner behind a wall of formalism. Carlists and Jesuits already in fancy feel the pleasant touch of Francisco de Mogente's gold. In the Cathedral cloister Marcos has a cleverly contrived moment with Juanita. Under the dim lamps the girl is very lovely. She is in a mood to settle her life in an Ave Maria.

"Well, I will marry you if there is no help for it. But—"

"But—" echoed Marcos.

"But of course it is only a sort of game, is it not?"

"Yes," he answered, "a sort of game."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

"It is only to save me from being a nun that we are being married. And I am just the same as I am now."

"Yes," said Marcos.

Juanita secretly weds Marcos the following night. From this point the interest is sustained to the very end. Mr. Merriman has not lost his grip as a constructionist, and the infrequency with which he signs a page that registers a dull line is as conspicuous in his latest work as in the books of his earlier manner. Descriptively *The Velvet Glove* is of singular brilliancy. The author is eminently a colourist. When he pictures the white ranges of the Pyrenees one feels the awesomeness of great heights. His portrayal of an archbishop's procession is surcharged with the odour of stale incense. As a delineator of character few contemporary writers surpass him in skill. In this respect *The Velvet Glove* will in a measure sustain the fame which he acquired in his *With Edged Tools*.

Without falling into the deadly error of the epigrammatist's way, Mr. Merriman has a delightfully compact manner of touching off his subject and making a phrase that sticks in one's mind like a burr.

The milk of human kindness should be allowed to stand over night in order to prove its quality.

The majority of women spend their time in straining at the family tie in order to prove its strength.

A book that is rich in these nuggets should become popular, independent of its possessing other robust qualities. It is the most tempting thing in the world to "toss off" these easily remembered *mots* with the nonchalant glibness of one saying a good thing for the first time. As class-room literature *The Velvet Glove* is as valuable as the rank and file of historical novels. But it is written with more than usual distinction. The author has drawn upon a fruitful source for his material and given us a captivating story without stooping to the sentimental attitude of many novelists toward monastic themes.

Grace Robinson Willard.

VI.

Ralph Connor's "The Man from Glengarry."*

I have had a great deal of pleasure in reading *The Man from Glengarry*. I will not say that all parts of the book gave me equal satisfaction, or that I think the construction and the characterisation are very well done. Mr. Connor has sentiment, feeling, right-mindedness, and an eye for dramatic effect; one thing, however, he has not learned, and that is how to select those things which are salient—scenes and incidents which present his characters in a revealing light. There is in real life a vast deal of monotony and repetition, of unrevealing commonplaceness; but if all were to be presented, the written history of any one man would be endless. It is here where Mr. Connor breaks down. I do not recognise his Ranald Macdonald after he has travelled through the four hundred and seventy-three pages of the book as a consistent development of the boy who made his oath of vengeance as set forth on page 38.

Yet, with what force and graphic quality are the first forty-one pages of the book written! I have seldom read anything that has given me a greater thrill than the story of the fight between Macdonald's gang and Murphy's gang on the Scotch River. Also, I have seldom been attracted to characters more than to the two Macdonalds, Macdonald Bhain and Black Hugh.

*The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And here is the point where Mr. Connor and I fall apart. His presentation in those first few pages of the two grim Scotsmen, with their iron prejudices and dour purposes, were so well done that I looked forward with delight to reading the whole of the book; but these admirable figures disappear, to no end or purpose that I can see, and an attempt is made to concentrate interest on Ranald, son of Macdonald Bhain, and his love-story and religious life. I confess it does not appeal to me. But I have read with unvarying satisfaction the descriptions of life in the backwoods and on the rivers, which I know to be true—to be lifted out of the place where they be and set forth for us with a sensitive and friendly hand.

If Mr. Connor will study the thing that is essential and reject the thing that is obtrusive and unrevealing, he may win laurels of a different sort from those which a book like this may give him. His brief and unconsidered sketch of the Scotch minister in the backwoods is worth the whole of the love-story. I will not speak of the good feeling that pervades this book; I will only say that Mr. Ralph Connor has a quality which will make appeal to many people.

Gilbert Parker.

HINC ILLÆ LACHRYMÆ

Not hence, O Earth, the saddest tears we weep—
That we are puny creatures of thy crust,
And swift revert to our parental dust,
Which breeds from e'en the ashes of our sleep;
Nor that the span of time 'tis ours to creep
Above our graves is darkened by distrust
And marred by sordid cares and pangs unjust;
Not from our pain the deepest tears upleap.

But hence these tears—that through the mists of youth
There gleams a golden world of miracle,
Which, even when its glamour fades and ruth
Has dispossessed our sense that all is well,
Still stirs by lovely face or lofty truth
Some dream of Beauty unpossessable.

I. Zangwill.

BOSTON IN FICTION

Described and Pictured by Frances Weston Carruth

Part IV—Suburban Boston

I. Cambridge and Harvard.

Surrounding the Three-Hilled City are what may sometime become a part of it, but are now, and even more years ago were, communities having an independent existence, yet closely united to the metropolis. Dorchester Heights, historic as the commanding eminence on which the Americans erected their batteries to drive the British fleet from the harbour, a movement witnessed by Lionel and Cecil Lincoln (*Cooper's Lionel Lincoln*), has become in these later days South Boston; the pudding-stone (Holmes) region of Roxbury and the ancient Charlestown have joined as a part of the greater city, while Cambridge—"Old Cambridge" as its many lovers fondly call it—remains an independent community. "Cambridge,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

says Mr. Pier, in *The Pedagogues,* "is romantic in much the same way as Rome is modern. One never really thinks of it being so, and yet it is. Rome is overshadowed by its past: Cambridge is made oppressively real by the proximity of Boston. Cambridge is, after all, not a city; it is a soul."

In Revolutionary days the little village of Cambridge, "though in the hands of friends (Cooper's *Lionel Lincoln*), exhibited the infallible evidences of the presence of an irregular army. The buildings of the University were filled with troops, and the doors of the different inns were thronged with noisy soldiers, who were assembled for the inseparable purposes of revelry and folly." To one of these inns came Cecil in search of Lionel, to whom she was finally united by Ralph. Promising them that they should safely escape through the rebel lines, Ralph led them beneath the walls of a church and into a graveyard, where he suddenly paused and dramatically announced: "Thou hast reached the spot where moulder the bones of one who long supported thee. Unthinking boy, that sacrilegious foot treads on thy mother's grave!" He then told Lionel the story of his parentage. This old graveyard under the shadow of Christ Church has been made the subject of a poem by Longfellow and of another by Holmes:

Go where the ancient pathway guides,
  See where our sires laid down
Their smiling babes, their cherished brides,
  The patriarchs of the town.

And Mr. Howells says of it (*Doorstep Acquaintance*): "Even our Campo Santo, if the Lucchese had cared to look . . . at its moss-grown headstones, could have had little to remind him of home, though it has antiquity and a proper quaintness." Here was interred Madame Vassall (who lived in the mansion now known as the Longfellow house), one of that family whom Agnes and the Collector (*Agnes Surriage*) visited at Hobgoblin Hall. Rumour has it that two slaves were buried beside the great lady.

In the village churchyard she lies,
Dust in her beautiful eyes;
  No more she breathes, nor feels, nor stirs;
At her feet and at her head
Lies a slave to attend the dead,
  But their dust is as white as hers,

sings Longfellow.

Near by, on what is now a part of the grounds of the Law School building, stood the "gambrel-roofed house," which was the birthplace of the Autocrat, and in Revolutionary days the headquarters of General Artemas Ward, where many stirring military incidents occurred. One of the Autocrat's earliest and most famous poems, "Old Ironsides," was written here.

In Garden Street, opposite the Common, is the historic old Washington elm gazed upon with awe by Mr. Pier's Pedagogues, and immortalised—like so much else of the "Old Cambridge" which he loved—by the Autocrat.

In his *Suburban Sketches* Mr. Howells gives us many a delightful glimpse of Cambridge, and dwells upon the climate, so disagreeable in winter, so lovely in spring.

In this locality lived one summer two of Mr. Pier's Pedagogues, Jessie and Gorch, in a square brown house in which they had taken rooms. A vine-screened porch extending across the front of this house became the stage on which much of this serio-comic story was played. The Pedagogues in their hours of recreation made frequent excursions to hallowed scenes. We find them plucking sprigs from Longfellow's hedge and lingering in the park across the way—the field, now called Longfellow's Garden, a memorial to the poet who during his lifetime kept it open that he might have an unobscured view of the landscape and the Charles River, which he loved and which winds in and out of so much of his verse.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River,
  Many a lesson, deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
  I can give thee but a song.

Beyond Longfellow's, in the same street, is the Brattle House, for a time the home of Margaret Fuller, while here roomed the historian and novelist Motley during his Harvard years.

The Pedagogues also made pilgrimages to Elmwood, where they derived a certain satisfaction from peering through the fence at Lowell's house. From here it was but a short distance to Mount

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Auburn for a spear of grass from Longfellow's grave. Mr. Sanderson (*The Barclays of Boston*) was buried in Mount Auburn, where he reposed in his lowly tomb amid blooming flowers and cypress-trees.

Of Harvard in its infancy we learn something from Penelope Pelham (*Penelope's Suitors*), who, seeing it in 1638, made note of it in her journal to this effect:

> They have here set up a small school, which they call a college, and have made Herbert treasurer thereof.

About fifty years later Carew and Courtenay (Stimson's *King Noanett*), journeying by canoe from Boston to Springfield, stopped at Cambridge to buy powder and then visited the college.

> There was but one building; and on entering it we found no professors, but some eight or ten young fellows, and these were all the students; and they were sitting around smoking tobacco, with the smoke of which the room was so full that you could hardly see; and the whole house smelt so strong of it that when I was going upstairs I said, "This is certainly a tavern." They could hardly speak a word of Latin. They took us to the library, where there was nothing in particular. . . . Then they accompanied us down to the river to hail us off.

Many of the Boston novels touch upon Harvard life, notably Mr. Howells's *April Hopes* and Mr. Pier's *The Sentimentalists;* but for fiction dealing more exclusively with the students we must turn to the pages of *Fair Harvard,* Mr. Stimson's *Guerndale,* and more recently Mr. Kauffman's *Jarvis of Harvard, Fair Harvard,* published anonymously, is considered a faithful picture of life at the University in the fifties, and the book had a great vogue. So, too, had *Guerndale,* which covers a somewhat later period. In *Jarvis of Harvard* we have a vivid and somewhat startling portrayal of the modern youth as Mr. Kauffman has undoubtedly seen him and as he believes him to be.

> "American college life," says this author, by way of explaining his hero, "not only at Harvard but at all our larger places of learning, is in no great respect different from life outside of those institutions. It is governed by the same laws, and offers corresponding rewards and penalties. In so far as we concern ourselves with both its academic and social possibilities, the man who succeeds is the man who sets before him some ideal other than that of pleasure."

Passing through the Johnston Gate, we come upon the "yard or college precinct, which (*The Bostonians*) is traversed by a number of straight little paths, over which, at certain hours of the day, a thousand undergraduates, with books under their arms and youth in their step, flit from one school to the other." Of the yard *en fête* for class-day we find a picture in *April Hopes.*

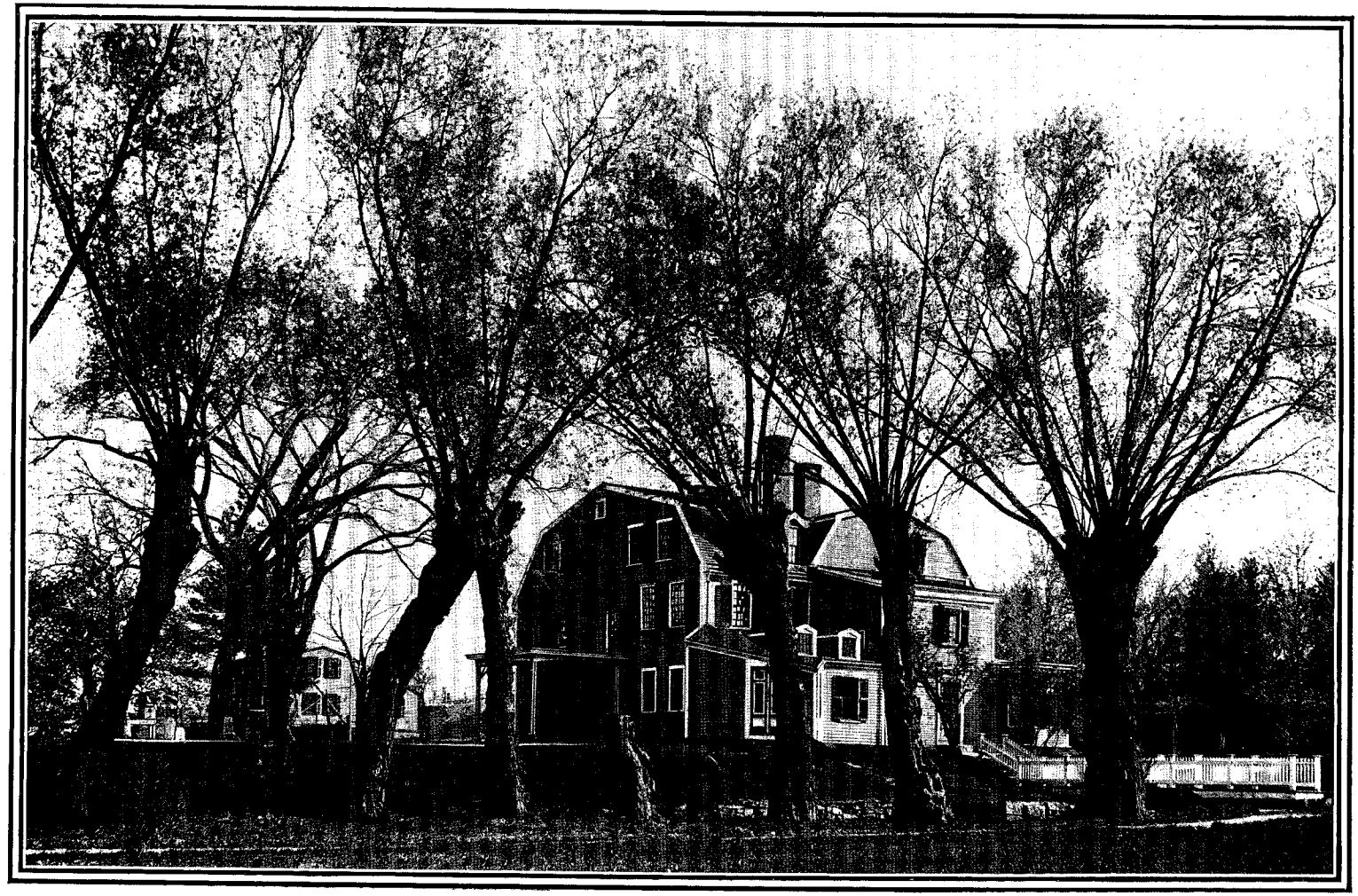
Vernon Kent (Pier's *The Sentimentalists*) was a Harvard man and so was his brother Frank, "full-back on the Varsity," but Mr. Pier is at his best in depicting a phase of the summer life at Harvard in that inimitable novel *The Pedagogues,* wherein he presents a young instructor wrestling with the raw (and exasperating) material of a class in English composition and literature in the summer school.

The Pedagogues met for instruction in Sever Hall and in old Massachusetts beside the Johnston Gate, where the rambler may still find them any midsummer day. From the South and West most of those students come—grey-haired women, many of them, who expect their instructor "in six short weeks to purge them of provinciality, to give them a catholic appreciation of literature, to instruct them in new methods of teaching, and to teach them to write—to write—to write. . . . "My object in coming here (said one, and it is the sentiment of most of the actual students) is to learn to be a writer of fiction, preferably strong and passionate. I am familiar with the works of Shakespeare, Byron, Ouida and E. P. Roe. I know no other language than my own."

II. Lexington.

The avenue now called Massachusetts, which leads out from Cambridge through Arlington to Lexington and Concord, is richly historic. It is also of interest because over it, in fiction, marched Lionel, Polworth and other of the redcoats (Cooper's *Lionel Lincoln*) on that memorable night when, far ahead of them, Paul Revere was spreading the alarm,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



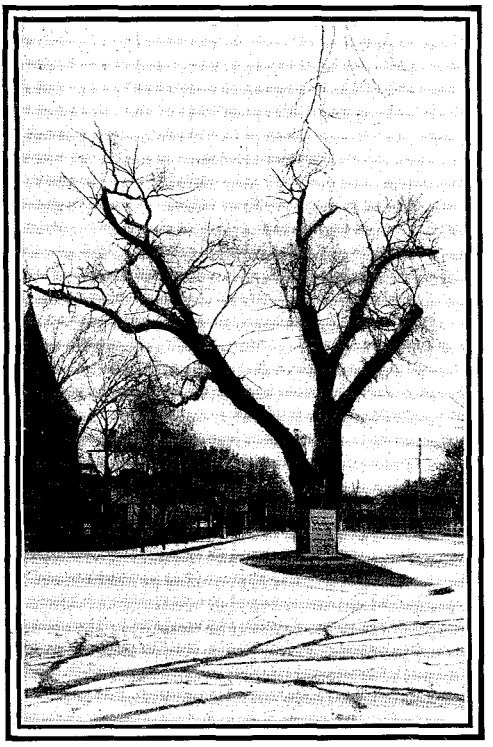
THE BIRTHPLACE OF HOLMES'S "DOROTHY Q."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the country-folk to be up and to arm.

Such a situation appealed strongly to the imagination of Hawthorne, who in *Septimius Felton* gives us the American side of the picture.

There were stories of marching troops coming like dreams through the midnight. Around



"Eighty years have passed, and more,
Since under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms and swore
They would follow the sign their banners bore,
And fight till the land was free."
—*Holmes's "Under the Washington Elm."*

the little rude meeting-house there was here and there the beat of a drum and the assemblage of farmers with their weapons. So all that night there was marching, there was mustering, there was trouble; and on the road from Boston, a steady march of soldiers' feet onward, onward, into the land whose last warlike disturbance had been when the red Indians trod it.

On Lexington Common, which is said to be as high as the top of Bunker Hill, Pitcairn's troops encountered the minutemen, and Lionel Lincoln, with beating heart, heard shouted by his major those memorable words: "Disperse, ye rebels, disperse. Throw down your arms and disperse!" What followed is history, and thus Lionel viewed the scene:

When the firing had ceased, officers and men stood gazing at each other as if even they could foresee some of the mighty events which were to follow the deeds of that hour. The smoke slowly arose like a lifted veil from the green, and, mingling with the fogs of morning, drove heavily across the country, as if to communicate the fatal intelligence that the final appeal to arms had been made.

A granite stone marks this spot to-day, and nearby is Kitson's spirited statue of Captain John Parker, the minuteman who said:

"Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon. But if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

On the westward road along which the redcoats marched is an old house, known then and now as the Monroe Tavern—the headquarters of Lord Percy. Mr. Howells makes mention of this (*Three Villages*) and writes sympathetically of the famous little town where he says the local feeling is larger than the place. "At Lexington more than anywhere else out of Italy I felt that the village was to its people the *patria*."

III. Westward.

From Beacon Street in Boston, extending westward some fifteen or more years ago, was a famous road called the Milldam (now the Beacon Street Boulevard), where lovers of horseflesh were wont to display the points of their favourites and fast trotting was the order of the day. During the winter, in the sleighing season, it became what Bartley Hubbard (Howells's *Silas Lapham*) called a carnival of fashion and gayety on the Brighton road, to make a part of which was one of the keenest enjoyments of Colonel Lapham. Not that the "carnival of fashion" appealed to him, but the excitement of speeding his mare was a sensation of which he never wearied.

They crossed the Milldam into Longwood; and here, from the crest of the first upland, stretched two endless lines, in which thousands of cutters went and came. Some of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"—a horseback ride to Medford, to wait upon Mistress Penelope Royall at her father's grand old mansion, confiscated at the Revolution, but standing to this very day."—*Bynner's "Agnes Surriage."*

"Know Old Cambridge? Guess I do.
Born there? Don't say so! I was, too;
Born in a house with a gambrel roof."
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

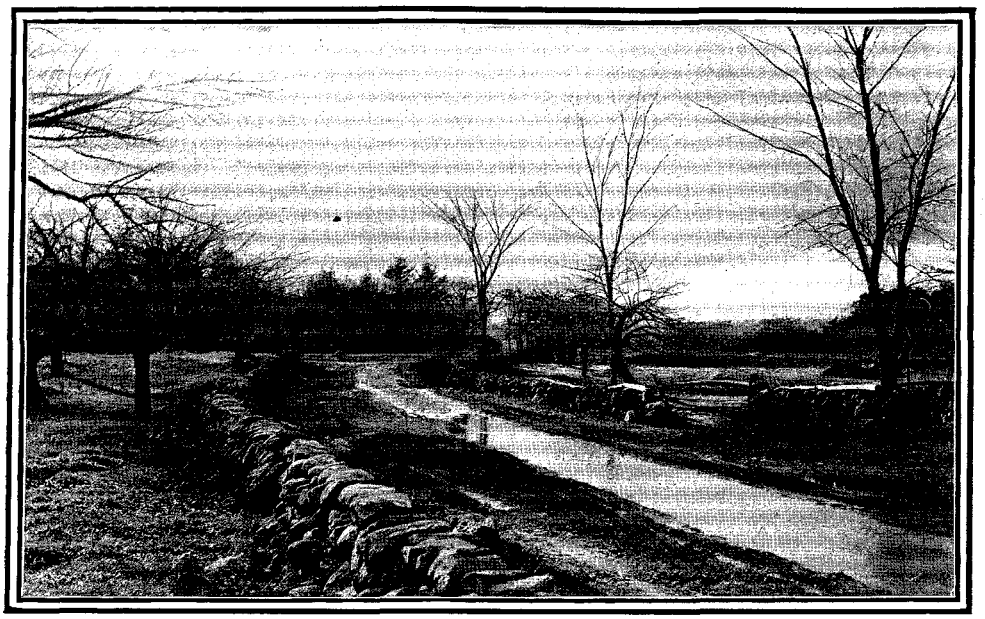
"Thou hast reached the spot where moulder the bones of one who long supported thee."—*Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln."*

"—our Campo Santo has antiquity and a proper quaintness."—*Howells's "Doorstep Acquaintance."*

THE LONGFELLOW MANSION.

"Once, ah! once within these walls
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country, dwelt."
—*Longfellow.*

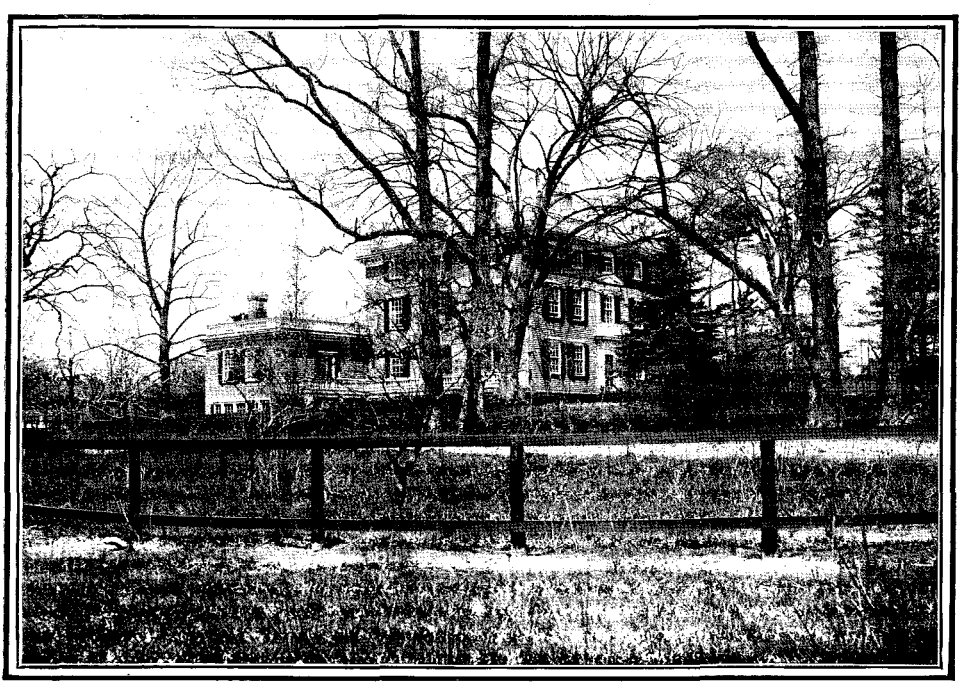
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photograph by George A. Nelson

"What can that blind quartermaster mean by taking this direction? Does he not see that the meadows are half covered with water?"—*Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln."*

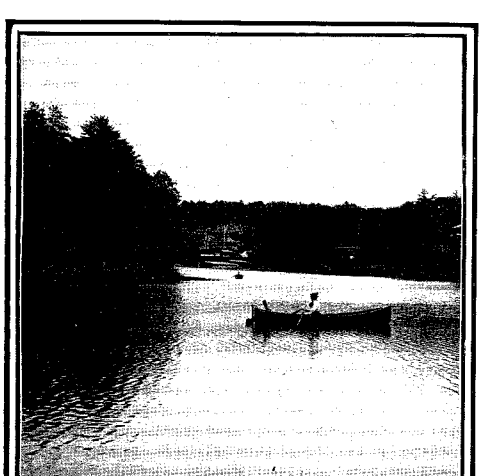
"There were stories of marching troops coming like dreams through the midnight."—*Hawthorne's "Septimius Felton."*



ELM WOOD.

"—they peered through the fence at Lowell's old house."—*Pier's "The Pedagogues."*

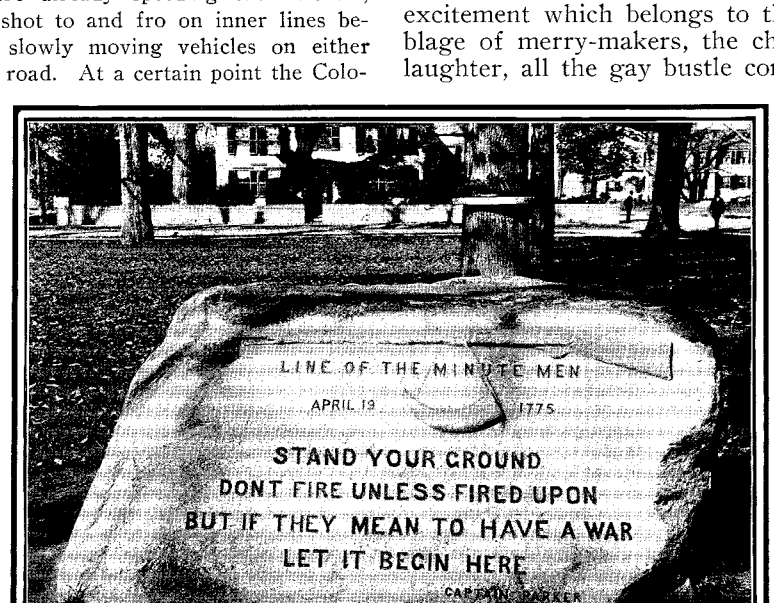
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE UPPER CHARLES RIVER—
"where the reflections of its wooded banks and circuitous loveliness remind one of the Thames above Richmond."—*Margaret Allston's "Her Boston Experiences."*

drivers were already speeding their horses, and these shot to and fro on inner lines between the slowly moving vehicles on either side of the road. At a certain point the Colonel said: "I'm going to let her out, Pert." The mare understood the signal and, as an admirer said, "she laid down to her work." Nothing in the immutable iron of Lapham's face betrayed his sense of triumph as the mare left everything behind her on the road. . . . At the end of the heat Lapham drew her in and turned off on a side street into Brookline.

The Colonel was then in the vicinity of the present Country Club, erected since his day in Brookline, and the scene of much of Arlo Bates's *Love in a Cloud.* Here the inconsequential Jack Neligage—one of the few men in Boston entirely free from any weakness in the way of occupation beyond that of pleasure-seeking—played polo, a game in which he excelled. All the characters in this novel were polo enthusiasts or pretended to be! and the Country Club, dubbed by Mr. Bates "County Club," during the weeks of early spring was a popular *rendezvous.* "The exhilaration of the spring day, the pleasure of taking up once more the outdoor life of the warm season, the little excitement which belongs to the assemblage of merry-makers, the chatter, the laughter, all the gay bustle combined to



LEXINGTON COMMON.
"When the firing had ceased, officers and men stood gazing at one another as if even they could foresee some of the mighty events which were to follow the deeds of that hour."—*Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln."*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMAICA POND.

"—the water was covered with a broad sheet of ice that would bear any weight."—*Crawford's "An American Politician."*

fill the County Club with a joyous atmosphere." Here also Margaret Allston (*Her Boston Experiences*) played golf with Elizabeth and Miss Renshaw, a many-time medallist, whose work with the brassy competed fairly with the men's.

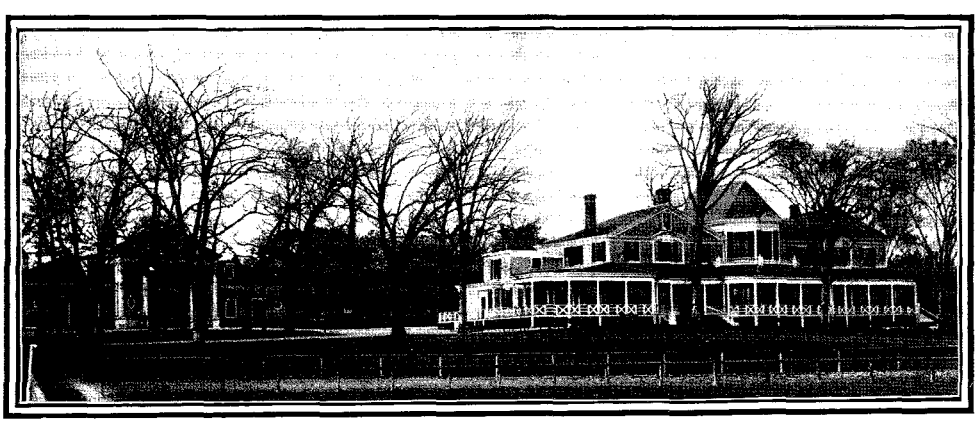
Out beyond Brookline are the Newtons (called the Garden City), a part of which is Riverside, where the beautiful Charles River and a large canoe club furnish boating for hundreds of pleasure seekers. There Margaret Allston (*Her Boston Experiences*) canoed on the upper Charles, "where the reflections of its wooded banks and circuitous loveliness remind one of the Thames above Richmond."

IV. Toward the Blue Hills.

Craighead (*Truth Dexter*) liked to take his wife for long drives through Boston's circle of clinging parks, Jamaica Plain, Dedham and Milton, embracing the lofty ledges of the Blue Hills and the heights of Dorchester, where Washington had erected his decisive batteries. Under the fire of these batteries Lincoln and Cecil (Cooper's *Lionel Lincoln*) escaped in a little boat, in which they managed to reach Boston safely.

While he laboured at the oars, Lionel witnessed the opening scene of Breed's acted anew as battery after battery and ship after ship brought their guns to bear on the hardy countrymen, who had once more hastened a crisis by their daring enterprise.

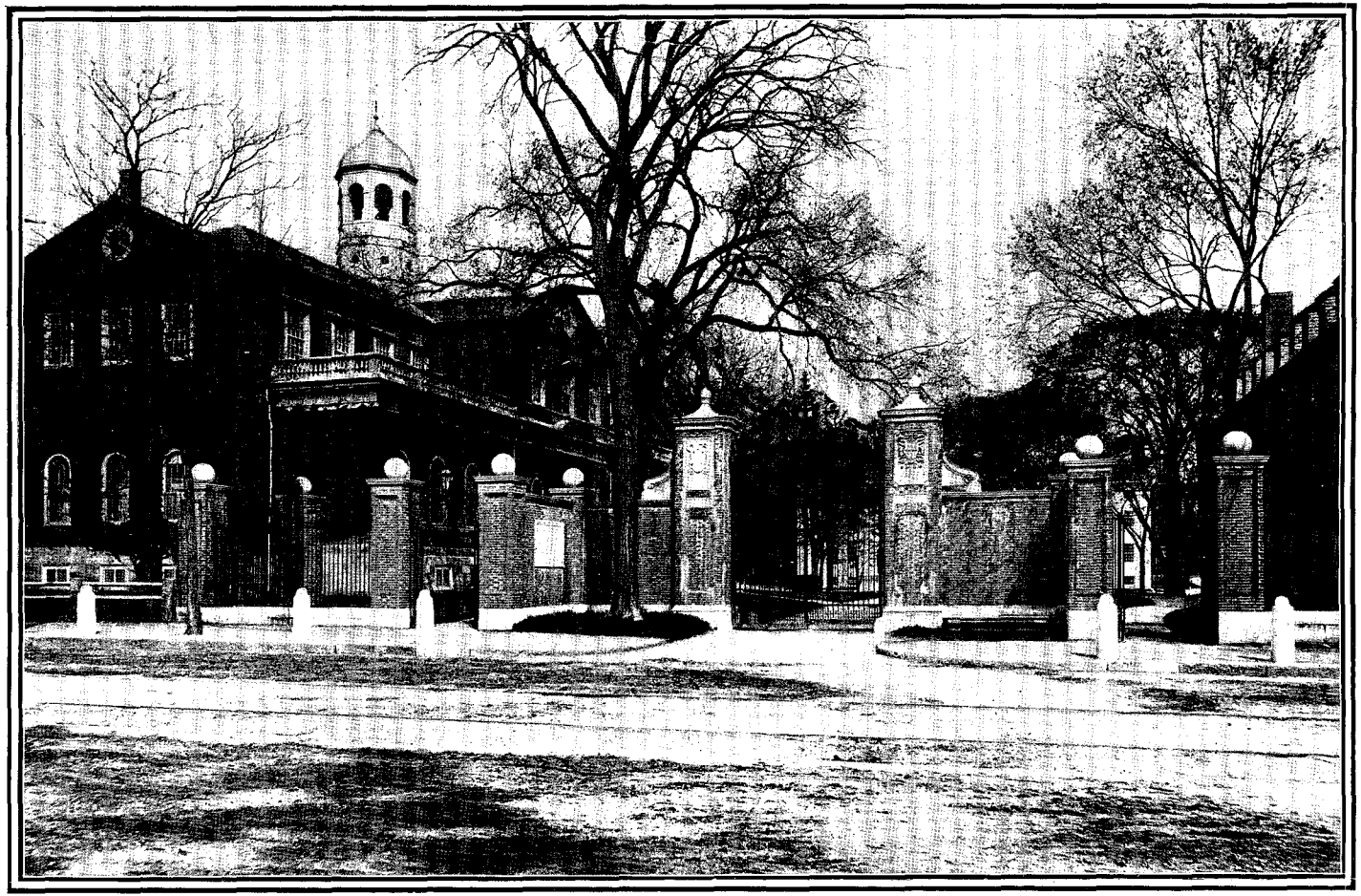
Dorchester is commonly known as the pudding-stone district because of the vast amount of loose boulder cast about. The legend of the pudding-stone has many versions and is part of the lore of the community. The Autocrat gives one,



COUNTRY CLUB, BROOKLINE.

"Before the front of the house was a sloping lawn which merged into an open park, here and there dotted with groups of budding trees."—*Arlo Bates's "Love in a Cloud."*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JOHNSTON MEMORIAL GATE.

"The rectangular structures of old red brick wore an expression of scholastic quietude and exhaled a tradition, an antiquity."
—*James's "The Bostonians."*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"—that first glimpse of the yard, which, next to his last sight of it, stands out the most vivid impression in the life of a Harvard undergraduate."—*Kauffman's "Jarvis of Harvard."*

"The yard is traversed by a number of straight little paths."—*James's "The Bostonians."*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and his version of it is a poem called "The Dorchester Giant," in which his inimitable humour has full sway, and which he thus concluded:

And if some pleasant afternoon,
You'll ask me out to ride,
The whole of the story I will tell,
And you shall see where the puddings fell,
And pay for the punch beside.

Though "Kingshaven" in Miss Eliza Orne White's *Miss Brooks* is not intended to be Roxbury, yet there is the beautiful, old-fashioned garden described as the Brooks's, where all the family spent so much time, Janet particularly. And there one moonlight night, when the garden was like fairyland, Graham found her sobbing her heart out.

Beyond Roxbury is Jamaica Plain, where Mrs. Sam Wyndham (Crawford's *American Politician*) gave her skating party on Jamaica Pond. Mr. Crawford comments on the fact that at that time skating was not fashionable in Boston, and the Wyndham party had the pond practically to themselves. This would not be their experience to-day, when all during the skating season the pond is crowded to its utmost capacity, day and evening.

Rambling on toward the Blue Hills, we come to Wallaston, in which is Mount Wallaston, known also as "Merrymount," the gay traditions of which fill the chapters of Motley's novel *Merrymount*, and of Hawthorne's tale "The May-Pole of Merrymount."

In Quincy, of which Wallaston is a part, is a pleasure ground called Merrymount, after the home of the Lord of Misrule; but to the fictional rambler Quincy's most interesting landmark is the Quincy-Butler mansion, haunted by memories of the bewitching Agnes Surriage, one of the gayest of the guests in a "country excursion to Mr. Quincy's, where the whole party with much merriment took part in catching eels they were to have cooked for supper from the brook at the bottom of the garden." The brook is still there, and beside it many times, no doubt, sat the celebrated "Dorothy Q.," who was born in the house. She, as all the world knows, was the great-grandmother of the Autocrat, who, justly proud of her, has added to her laurels by his poem dedicated to her portrait.

Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ay! since the galloping Normans came
England's annals have known her name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown;
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the grey-haired son.

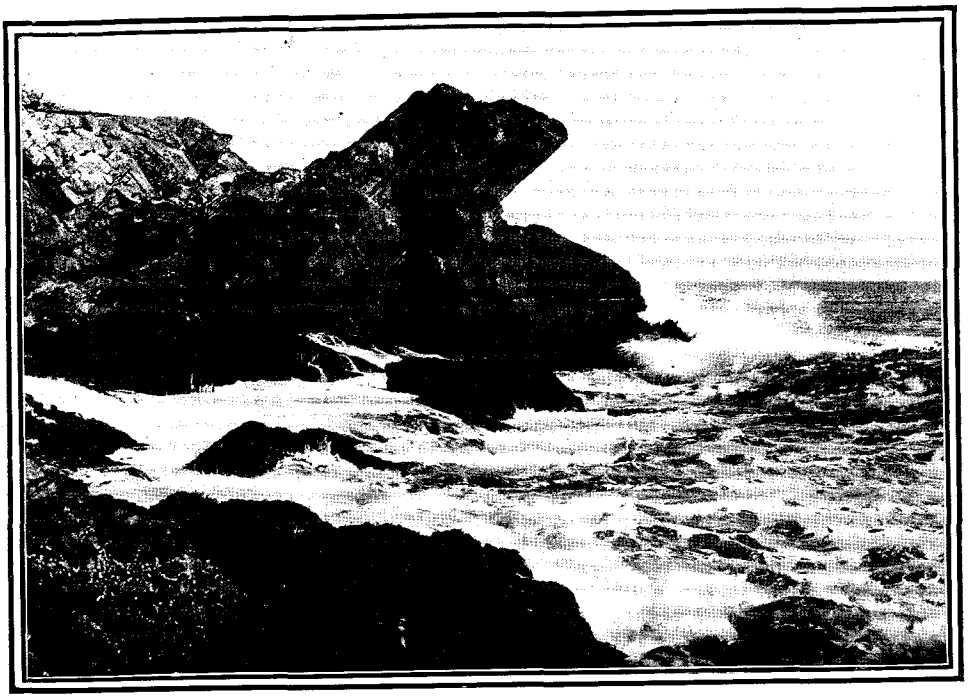
Farther on toward the Blue Hills we find Dedham. "And this (Stimson's *King Noanett*) was the settlement they had called Contentment, for the Bay people were fond of fine names, taken from the Bible or their Books of Psalms." Most of this country (about 1670) was then a wilderness, and the adventures of Carew and Courtenay, in their endeavour to make a home, and their encounters with the Indians make a stirring and romantic picture of times little known to the fiction reader until Mr. Stimson created King Noanett.

V. Nahant.

Of the many "shore" places about Boston, one of the most beautiful and quite the most exclusive is Nahant, on the north shore, an island but for the long narrow strip of land which connects it with Lynn. "Cold roast-beef Boston" is its soubriquet, given it by the envious who are not permitted to breathe its rarefied air. In this aristocratic atmosphere it is natural to find old Mr. Bowdoin (Stimson's *Pirate Gold*), and it is interesting to learn that these summers and all the happy days in them he made for the children are described in the novel as they actually took place in the life of Mr. Bowdoin's prototype, Mr. Josiah Bradlee.

The Coreys (Howells's *Silas Lapham*) had always had a house at Nahant, but after letting it for a season or two they found they could get on without it. The people of Mr. Howells's *Day's Pleasure* had in mind an excursion to Nahant, but gave the preference to Nantasket, because they thought it much better to see the ocean from a long beach than from the Nahant rocks. Of all these splendid rocks which make the shore so picturesque, the most imposing is Pulpit Rock, at the extreme point of the estate of Henry Cabot Lodge, whom many persons persist in proclaiming the author of that recent and much-discussed anonymous Boston novel, *Truth Dexter*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PULPIT ROCK, NAHANT.

"By this time they had come to the outer cliff high above the sea."—*Stimson's "Pirate Gold."*

"—the stream ran out, sliding noiseless on the shining grasses . . . and alongside lay as pretty a piece of black-loam meadow as was in all the valley."—*Stimson's "King Noanett."*

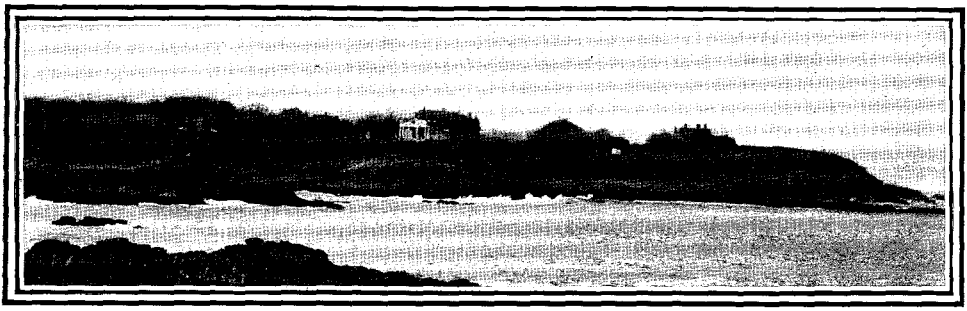
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another Boston *littérateur* who makes Nahant his summer home is Judge Robert Grant, as a novelist most widely known through his *Unleavened Bread*, but the scenes of whose fiction are purposely far away from his native heath.

The poet Longfellow was for many years a picturesque figure in the summer life of Nahant, where his sunset reveries were made a "requiem of the dying day" by the ringing of the bells in Lynn.

Borne on the evening wind across the crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O bells of Lynn.

THE END.



"At the foot of the lawn was the cliff; and below, a lovely little pebble beach covered with the most wonderful shells."—*Stimson's "Pirate Gold."*

BALZAC AND MADAME HANSKA*

From the original documents in M. de Lovenjoul's possession. Translated from the French of the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul by Bradford Colt de Wolf.

IX.

It will be seen that henceforth, like a true daughter of Eve, her patroness, Madame Hanska wished to be able to satisfy her curiosity. Not content only to send her letters, she was keenly desirous to have a direct proof that they had been received by the novelist. The means which she had found to accomplish her purpose was certainly not commonplace in those days, and the beautiful "Etrangère" thus established, without being aware of it, the custom, now in such general use, of corresponding by the daily newspapers.

This time Balzac had a thread, a very slender one, it is true. But however slender, it was, nevertheless, a guide-post, and he was not the man to fail to take full advantage of it. Being in daily intercourse with newspaper editors, he hastened to the offices of *La Quotidienne* and inserted in the paper the following notice, which we have had the good luck to find, printed as the last note of the *faits divers*, in the issue of December 9, 1832, and of which we reproduce a facsimile:

M. de B. has received the message which was sent him; it is only to-day that he has been able to acknowledge its receipt in the columns of this paper. He regrets not to know where to send his reply.

To L'E.—H. DE B.

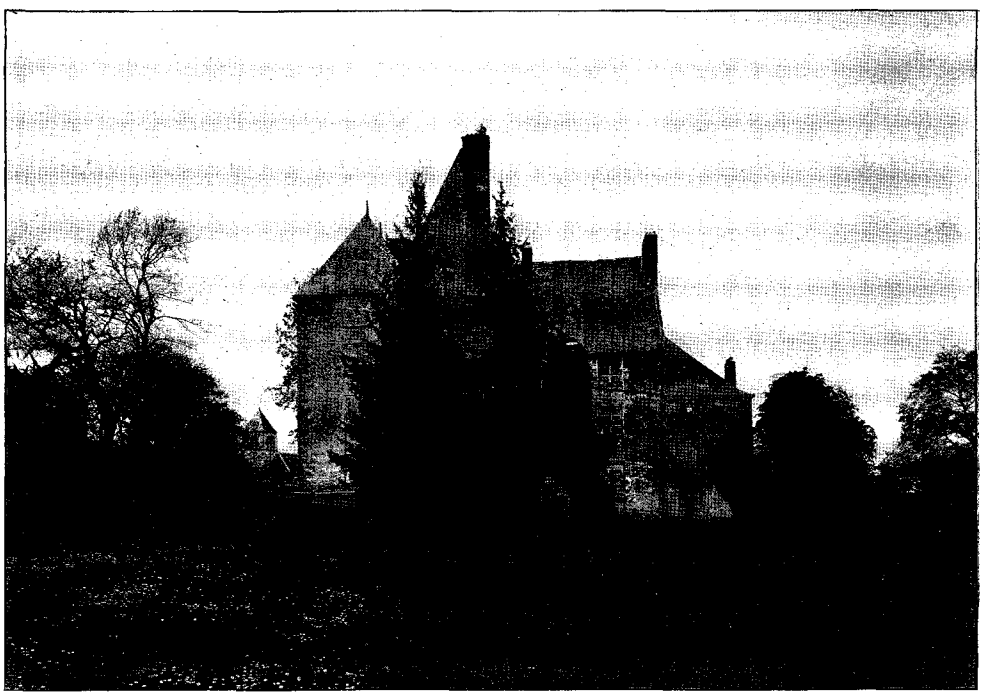
At that time *La Quotidienne* was about the only French paper which was always allowed in Russia. Madame Hanska waited with easily imaginable impatience for the arrival of the issue which was to satisfy her most ardent wish. Under a mysterious signature—in reality the abbreviation of the words To "l'Etrangère," Honoré de Balzac—in the depths of her solitary home, and notwithstanding the jealous watch kept over her, the young woman received for herself alone a few words from the pen of a man who was every day becoming more

*This book was crowned by the French Academy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

celebrated, and who, with all his discreet prudence, seemed to beg for other means to communicate with his correspondent. It is curious to note in the printed *Correspondence* with what care Balzac thereafter gave orders to his publishers to insert in *La Quotidienne* the advertisements and notices of his works, knowing that they would thus come before the eyes of his fair reader.

One episode, the details of which are, unfortunately, unknown, occurred at this time in this love-story. All those who have read Balzac's works; all those, more particularly, who have been impressed by his *Louis Lambert* and *Séraphita,* know how much the great writer believed in the mysterious action of thought achieving its purpose, distance and space notwithstanding. From a scientific point of view, suggestion and magnetism found one of their first adepts in him. Balzac preceded in this respect, as in so many others, not only his immediate contemporaries, but even their successors. It may, therefore, be well supposed with what feelings of emotion he was overcome on receiving, anonymously, of course, from Madame Hanska an *Imitation of Christ* bound in green morocco, which, from the depths of the Ukraine or, perhaps, from Vienna, came to him at the very moment when the conception of *The Country Doctor* was beginning to be carried out by his pen. This meeting of two thoughts which, at such a distance from each other, were both of them directed toward the loftiest flights of the soul, impressed Balzac more and more, and still further increased his desire to become acquainted with his mysterious correspondent.



CHÂTEAU DE SACHÉ. ONE OF BALZAC'S HOMES.

X.

This time, without being aware of it, he had very nearly attained his aim. In January, 1833, the following letter, the last which we have from "l'Etrangère," brought him a well-founded hope that he might, at length, meet her.

JANUARY 8, 1833.

SIR: I received with delight the copy of the *Quotidienne* in which your notice was inserted; I hasten to acquaint you with the fact. I have travelled a great deal since I had the pleasure of writing to you, and now I hope that we are to settle, at least for a while, somewhere nearer France.

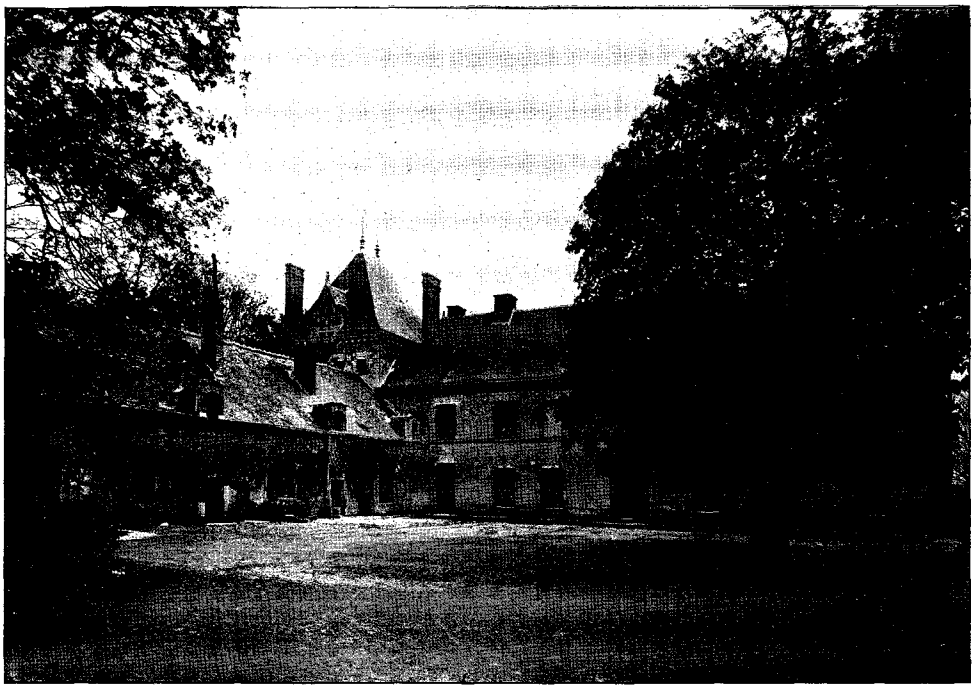
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I can only, to my great regret, write you laconically, and yet I have many things to say to you! . . . But I am not always free! Unfortunately, I am nearly always in a state of slavery, and! . . . But before the end of the month I hope to have a moment's leisure in which to make up for my present disappointment.

I should like to receive an answer from you, but it is necessary to take so many precautions, to make use of so many stratagems, that I do not yet dare write to you definitely on the subject; I should not, however, like to remain in uncertainty concerning my letters to you, and I will let you know of a sure way in which to correspond with me in my next, while relying upon your word of honour not to attempt to ascertain who the person is that will transmit your letters to me; I would be lost were it discovered that I write you and receive letters from you.

Why can I not pour out my whole soul to you and give you an insight into a heart which is constrained to shut everything up within itself? It is with great regret that I leave you, but it is necessary!

"L'Etrangère."



CHÂTEAU DE SACHÉ, SOUTH FACE.

For what reason had M. and Madame de Hanski left Russia? No one knows. It was, in any case, with the permission of the governor-general of the government of Kieff, in which Wierzchownia was then and is still situated.

XI.

In those days the permits to reside abroad delivered by the Russian Government were not to be trifled with. On the slightest provocation, often even upon the most unimportant denunciation and without any proof whatsoever, the Czar of Russia threatened his subjects with the confiscation of their property, and thus compelled them to immediately return to their country. Moreover, they were not even free to go wherever they pleased, and M. de Hanski was thus forbidden to reside in France, although it is possible that he himself was the cause of this interdiction, and this so as not to take his wife to Paris. He had some reason to fear the results of her enthusiasm for French writers. Nevertheless, so far as Balzac is concerned, if as a prudent husband M. de Hanski had some suspicion or some presentiment on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subject of a meeting between the novelist and his wife, he could not, as will be seen, notwithstanding the many obstacles in the way, prevent his fears from being realised.

He was more successful in carrying out his purpose not to visit Paris, since Madame Hanska only became acquainted with the great city after the death of her husband. For although she had already been four years a widow, she only went to France for the first time in 1845. She was then accompanied by her daughter, of the journey. It will be remembered that both of them had for a long time past resided permanently with M. de Hanski at Wierzchownia, in a cottage which Balzac was afterward to baptise with the pretty name of "The Demoiselliere."

XII.

Geneva was at that time the centre of a refined society, in which were found a few survivors of the many exiles who

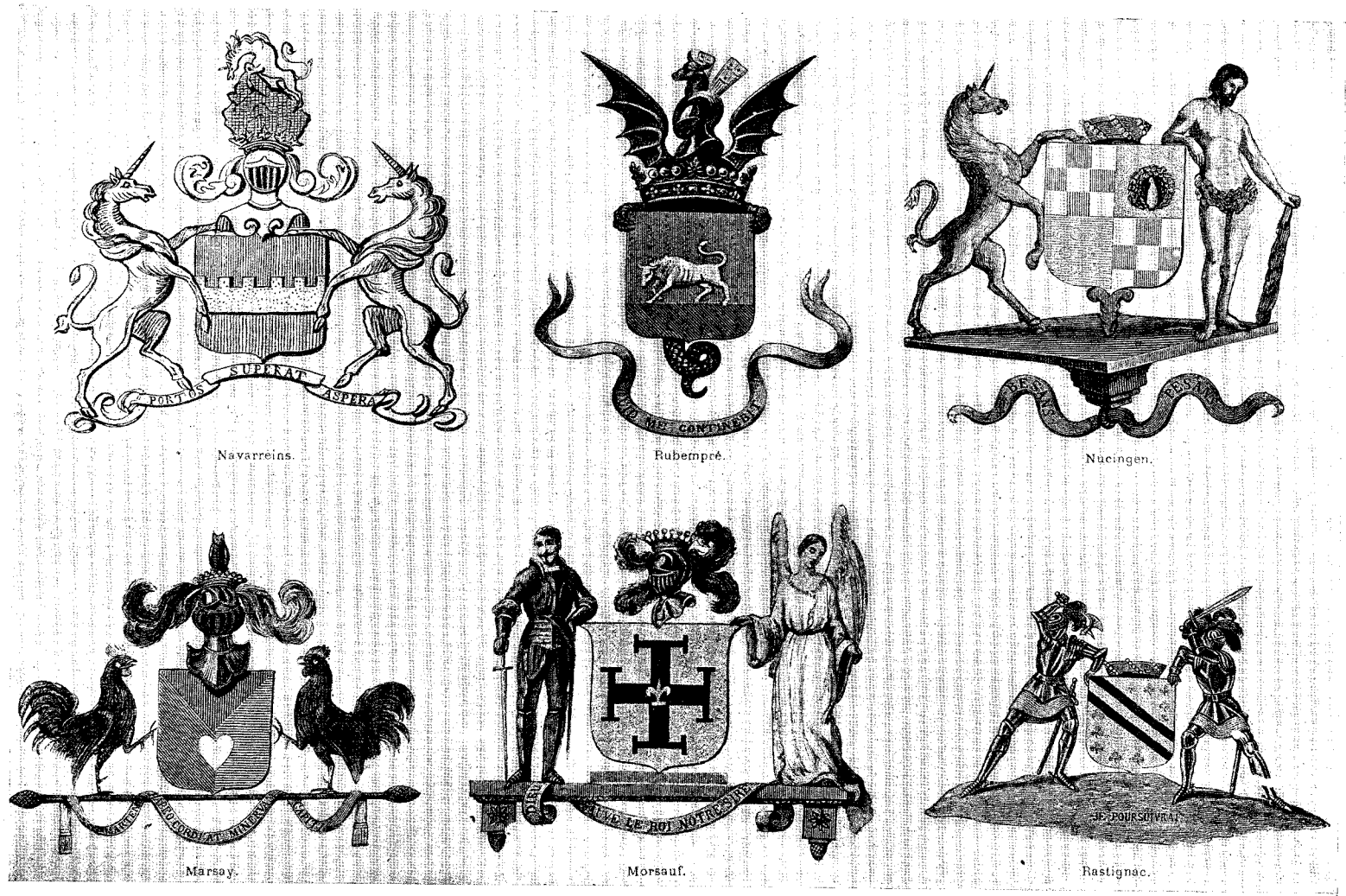
BALZAC'S BEDROOM IN THE CHÂTEAU DE SACHÉ.

and it was Balzac himself who brought them mysteriously and incognito to the capital by passing them on his passport for his sister and his niece. The Russian Government always remained in ignorance of this disobedience to its orders.

Whether our suppositions in the matter be entirely correct or not, it is certainly toward Switzerland that M. and Madame Hanski directed their steps in 1833, in the company of their daughter, of Mademoiselle Borel, her governess, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, of their two relations, Séverine and Denise Wylezynska, one of whom, Séverine, certainly accompanied them during part had sought the hospitality of Calvin's city. The *élite* of the Genevese native population mingled freely with the distinguished foreign residents of the city, and a few literary *salons* were thus formed, among them being those of M. de Candolle, the famous botanist, and of the historian, Sismonde de Sismondi, who have left brilliant souvenirs behind them.

Since the days of Voltaire and of Madame de Staël, since Ferney and Coppet, Geneva has always remained a famous intellectual centre. After the events which took place in Poland in 1831, many Polish and even Russian

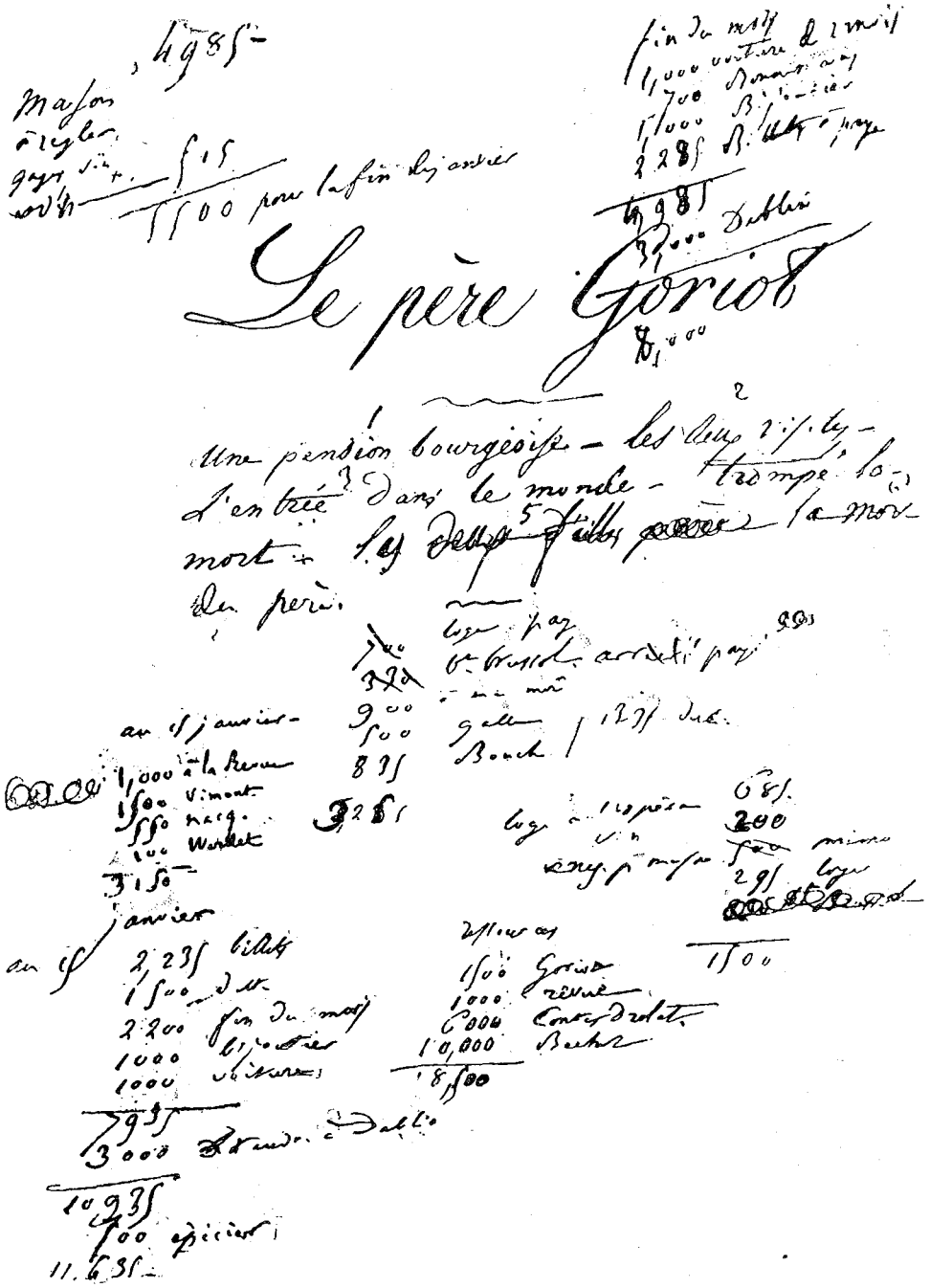
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE COATS-OF-ARMS OF THE MORE IMPORTANT ARISTOCRATIC FAMILIES IN THE "COMÉDIE HUMAINE,"
Photographed for THE BOOKMAN, from the Collection of the Vicomte de Lovenjoul.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exiles and emigrants took up their residence in this Swiss city and in this land of liberty. It thus happened that among other compatriots, Madame Hanska met there one of her cousins, the Countess Marie Potocka.



FACSIMILE OF BALZAC'S FIRST DRAFT OF THE PLOT OF "LE PÈRE GORIOT."
Photographed for THE BOOKMAN from the Collection of the Vicomte de Lovenjoul.

*This page gives a curious insight into Balzac's method of work and life. The lines in the centre suggest the plot of the story of *Le Père Goriot* very much as we know it to-day. The figures scratched all over the page epitomise Balzac's gigantic struggles to make his income from his work keep up with his debts.—*Editors of* THE BOOKMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To return to Madame Hanska, where and how was Balzac asked to send the answer which "l'Etrangère" had expressed her desire to receive, in the last letter of hers we have cited? This we absolutely ignore. But the answer to this first letter from Balzac to the châtelaine of Wierzchownia exists, and must have been written at the end of January, 1833.

Together with many other details this letter contains the account of the ingenious means by which the novelist had managed to inform his correspondent of the safe arrival of her first letter, as well as the reasons which compelled him not to make use of his contrivance. We are pleased to return, as we promised above, to these curious circumstances, and to have the pleasure, before any other, of relating them to our readers. Following, therefore, is the manner in which the novelist had proceeded. At the time when Madame Hanska's first missive reached him from Odessa, he was preparing—in four volumes instead of two—the republication, greatly enlarged, of the *Scenes of Private Life,* which was put on sale in May, 1832. The idea at once occurred to him to dedicate to this mysterious admirer, who sent him from such a distance so great a proof of her strong sympathy for his works, one of the new chapters of this second edition. He chose the one entitled "The Atonement," written precisely in February, 1832, and which to-day has been incorporated in *The Woman of Thirty,* of which it formed at first but a complementary episode.

But he had counted without the susceptibility of another feminine admirer, likewise a devoted one, and who since 1822 had watched closely over his material and moral welfare, an affection which, in the midst of trials of every description, he never ceased to return, until the death of this providential friend of his youth. This death, we may mention in passing, even opened a wound in his heart which bled for a long time, and was never completely healed.

XIII.

Balzac was, therefore, obliged to sacrifice the intended dedication, since his protectress reproached him, as if it were a crime, for this proof of gratitude to "l'Etrangère." But at that time the portion of the book containing the dedication was already printed, and the publisher of the book was obliged to replace the suppressed page with a blank sheet. Balzac, however, kept a copy of the book in its original form with the dedication, and when he finally ascertained where he might safely forward his communications to Madame Hanska, he joined this unique copy to his first letter, in which the whole story is truthfully related.

Unfortunately, the copy of the work in our possession did not contain the precious page with the dedication, and Balzac in his letter did not mention the title of the chapter dedicated to "l'Etrangère." We despaired, naturally, of ever being able to discover this *Envoi,* when, upon a close examination of a paper-bound copy of the work which must have contained it, our attention was drawn to the fact that the paper covers of the four volumes of the book had glued to them on the inside a printed page, the text of which was unknown to us. Although this might have been only a cast-off sheet of paper from another work, this discovery aroused our curiosity. Our delight may easily be imagined when, upon carefully separating the two pages, we found that it was indeed the *ex-dono* of *The Atonement.* Did the publisher, perhaps, instead of throwing away the eliminated pages with the dedication, make use of them in this manner? Or did Balzac attempt by this contrivance to attract Madame Hanska's attention, and thus to show her his gratitude? As he felt certain that this new version of the *Scenes of Private Life* would come under the notice of a person who followed so carefully everything which came from his pen, he had imagined to have reproduced, at the beginning of *The Atonement,* a drawing of the wax seal—a fancy seal—on the first letter he had received from "l'Etrangère," together with this dedication: Diis *ignotis,* followed by the date, February 28, 1832, the day when the missive sent from Odessa, it will be remembered, had reached our hero.

XIV.

After this first written explanation, in which Balzac frankly stated his position and the necessity for him to abandon his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intention, a regular correspondence followed, we do not know by what means, between the young woman and himself. Those of the master's autograph letters which were miraculously saved from destruction are now in our* hands, A small number of the precious missives have, unfortunately, not been found.

It is necessary to state here that the firm of Calmann Lévy alone has the right, according to the terms of an agreement with Madame de Balzac herself, to publish these really marvellous pages. They will, therefore, form the subject of a separate publication, the most interesting of all the works which have yet seen the light concerning the author of *The Human Comedy*. There are some three thousand of these pages from his hand, the great majority of which have never been published.† Some fifty of these letters only, addressed to Madame Hanska, to her daughter and to her son-in-law, and copied by Madame de Balzac herself, were given to Mr. Michel Lévy to be published in 1876 in Balzac's general *Correspondence*. But the widow of the great man of genius did not, it must be acknowledged, deliver these letters in their original form. The text of the letters given by her, the original of which likewise belong to us, is not always in accordance with the autograph letters of her husband, which we have classified, transcribed and annotated, and which were written between 1833 and 1848. These represent Balzac's real *Memoirs* during those years, with this reserve, however, that they are destined solely for Madame Hanska, and that consequently they contain nothing which might harm the writer in her estimation.

As is usual in such cases, one fact was omitted in the letters. Balzac takes care never to allude, unless absolutely compelled to do so, to the heroines of his other love episodes, the existence and the number of which he invariably conceals.

His numerous affairs of the heart did not, moreover, prevent him from boasting on certain occasions of his unwavering constancy, as well as—when it seemed to him to be opportune to do so—of his chastity, maintained during several years. But at the same time, in his confidences to his sister he acknowledged, as will be seen later on, that he led a very different life!

Balzac, as we have often mentioned before, attempted the impossible to establish his reputation for respectability, too generally accredited to-day. In response to the jealous suspicions of his numerous lady friends he invariably affirmed that he was spotless and immaculate as a cenobite. He always attempted to take advantage of the credulity of the women who imagined they had conquered his entire affections. At this game, even though one of the players be a Balzac, and however simple he was in real life, there is, as a rule, neither a deceiver nor a deceived one. The most ingenuous Agnes herself would smile in such a case at the protestations of virtue from the most innocent of Horaces! But a real Agnes never exposes herself, it is true, to the risk of hearing such explanations.

XV.

"L'Etrangère," moreover, had legitimate cause for mistrust, since the reputation which Balzac had acquired by his incessant intrigues was not of a kind, let it be acknowledged, to inspire her with another feeling. Moreover, an incident took place which seemed to her of a nature to strengthen her suspicions. At the outset of their correspondence the novelist happened one day to ask his friend, Madame Zulma Carraud, whom he was visiting at the powder depot of Angoulême (of which M. Carraud was the inspector), to write to Madame Hanska in his name. Madame Hanska was immediately struck, not only with the changed handwriting, but with the difference in the nature of the sentiments expressed. She suspected the truth, and, to judge by the explanations given to her by Balzac in his subsequent letters, she must have subjected him to a severe cross-examination, to which he answered with his accustomed skill in such circumstances. "L'Etrangère," therefore, probably never knew whose hand it was that held the pen in place of the master.

i. e. M. de Lovenjoul's.

†These letters have since been published under the title of *Lettres à l'Etrangère*.—TRANSLATOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But we will not enter any further into the details of this correspondence, destined, as we have already stated, to form a special publication some day, and the copyright of which, moreover, does not belong to us. We will only borrow from it this last piece of information, that Balzac was called to Neuchâtel at the end of September, 1833, to meet finally there the one who for over eighteen months had so constantly occupied his mind.

Neuchâtel had, doubtless, been chosen by the young woman for this meeting owing to the close proximity of the town to the French frontier. This corner of Switzerland, moreover, probably formed part of the journey projected by M. and Madame de Hanski; for Mademoiselle Borel, their daughter's governess, it will be remembered, had her home in Neuchâtel.

Balzac, on the other hand, did not know what means to make use of to conceal the knowledge of his journey from Paris to Neuchâtel—which in those days could not be accomplished in less than four days—from his intimates. As he had been told by Madame Hanska to shroud his trip in mystery, he asked himself how, during the journey and at the relay stations, he would be able to dissimulate his name and personality, so well known to the general public. Then, again, it was a difficult matter for him to disappear from Paris without giving his address to his publishers, on account of the proofs which invariably followed him on his journeys. But such obstacles were not of the kind to stand in the way of a man of his stamp, and his plans were soon drawn up. Following is the starting-point of the combination he so ingeniously contrived on this occasion.

XVI.

Among the innumerable schemes he was constantly revolving in his mind was that of a universal library to be established by subscription, and which was the germ of the revolution carried out afterward, by the creation of the cheap one-franc editions of famous authors' works. He intended most certainly to have his own works published in this manner, and we have discovered among his papers a bundle of documents relating to this *important matter,* as he himself termed it in many of his letters A certain M. Durmont, who is mentioned on several occasions in the master's *Correspondence,* notably, in 1832, was to play a leading part in the organisation of this library of cheap editions, as well as Victor Bohain, the founder of *Literary Europe,* that paper which made such a widespread sensation when it first appeared.

In order to carry out his undertaking in an economical manner, it was necessary for Balzac to buy a considerable quantity of printing paper; for he hoped to make his fortune, less by the productions of his pen in themselves than by the sale of cheap editions of his books at a price which would make all competition impossible.

He had, therefore, for some time past been sending for samples of printing paper from all the leading paper manufacturers of the provinces. Those among his letters to Madame Zulma Carraud, already published, contain many details concerning this matter. Balzac's friends, who were always accustomed to hear him rave over his latest chimera, suspected nothing, and nobody imagined what was the principal purpose of his journey, the official reason for which was the research for a superior quality of vellum at some ridiculously low price.

Balzac was also helped in his endeavour to conceal the truth by Charles de Bernard. He had first become acquainted, in 1831, with the novelist (who then resided at Besançon), as a result of an article on *Peau de Chagrin,* published in the *Gazette de Franche-Comté,* an article which had greatly pleased Balzac. A few years later he sent for him to reside definitely in Paris as one of the editors of the *Chronique de Paris,* in which the author of *Gerfaut* published several short stories, after having first been dramatic critic of the paper.

It was he who, without suspecting anything, retained a seat for Balzac at the offices of the Besançon-Neuchâtel stage-coach company, both for his journey to and from Neuchâtel to Paris. Balzac's letters to his friend relative to these seats form a portion of the published *Correspondence;* they show that the author of *Eugénie Grandet* left Paris for his place

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of meeting with Madame Hanska, on Sunday, September 22, 1833. He reached Neuchâtel on Wednesday, the 25th of the same month, and left it on October 1 to return to his home in the Rue Casslin, on Friday, the 4th, after a brief sojourn of five days in Switzerland.

THE PERSONAL BALZAC

In considering the genius of Balzac, no one can overlook the influence his father had on the work of the author of *The Human Comedy*. Balzac was not, as is commonly supposed, of gentle birth. His father, born in 1746 at Nougayrie, a little hamlet in the department of Tarn, was the son of Bernard François *Balssa*, described on the birth certificate as a labourer. Balzac's father was the first in his family to alter the spelling of the name, and later Honoré added the "de," mark of nobility.

Notwithstanding his plebeian origin, the elder Balzac, regarding whose official position under Louis XVI. there is much mystery, was a man of considerable intellectual attainments and original to the point of eccentricity. He declared himself a disciple of Jean Jacques, believing the return of the man to the state of nature the essential condition of happiness. Endowed with a splendid physique, which Honoré inherited, he flattered himself on never having consulted a doctor or bought anything from a druggist. He urged state control of marriages and was deeply interested in all the great social questions which later his son treated analytically in his books.

As a boy Balzac suffered very much with his head. He was only fourteen when he was sent home from school suffering from a species of coma or congestion of ideas, resulting from excess of reading. Unknown to his teachers, he had devoured a large part of the college's fine library. He never distinguished himself, however, at school, and his masters considered him a dull boy. He left college when he was seventeen and a half years old and entered the office of an attorney. His father wanted him to take up the profession of the law, but in face of great opposition Honoré declared in favour of a literary career. It was finally agreed that he should be left alone in Paris for two years, during which time the father hoped a taste of the *vache enragée* would cure him of his literary ambitions. He was compelled to live more than modestly in Paris, and the room he occupied was so exposed that he was a martyr to colds and toothache. He became so ill and emaciated that his mother was alarmed and induced him to return home.

Balzac was twenty-five years old when, tired of waiting for fame, he began to publish books instead of writing them, opening a printing shop with capital borrowed from his father. But the enterprise failed, and in 1829 he returned to Paris. It was about this time and while visiting some friends in Brittany that he began and almost finished *Les Chouans*. Balzac arrived at the house of his friend wearing a hat so dilapidated that they had to take him at once to buy another. The one hatter in the village had the greatest difficulty in finding a head-piece large enough to cover the skull containing *The Human Comedy*. One of his hosts gives the following pen portrait of Balzac as he appeared at that time:

> He was a little man with an awkward figure, and his badly cut clothes made him look still more ungainly. His hands were magnificent. He had on a shocking hat, but as soon as he bared his head all the rest disappeared. I could see nothing but his head. Those who never saw his wonderful forehead and his brown eyes, in which danced golden glints and which expressed everything as clearly as words, cannot understand the effect he produced on strangers.
>
> He had a big, square nose, an enormous mouth, which was always laughing in spite of his bad teeth. He wore a thick moustache and his hair very long, combed straight back. At that period, especially when he arrived, he was thin and seemed famished. The poor fellow literally devoured his food. There was in his manner, gestures, and way of talking and holding himself so much goodness, ingenuous-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness and frankness that it was impossible to know him and not love him. What, moreover, was most extraordinary in him was his perpetual good humour, which was so exuberant that it was contagious. In spite of the misfortunes he had just experienced, he had not been with us a quarter of an hour before he had made the general and me laugh till the tears came.

On his return to Paris after the long rest in Brittany, which did him much good, Balzac began the formidable series which was to include more than a hundred volumes, including the *Cent Contes Drôlatiques, Eugénie Grandet,* etc. During his residence in the capital the author made frequent excursions to the country. Several of his best known books were, in fact, written at the Château de Saché. Balzac could never stay long in one place. His mania for moving about from town to town, village to village, was so well known that not even his own family knew exactly where to find him. Usually, when at Saché, he rose very early and took long walks along the country roads questioning every one he met regarding his private affairs and those of the district. At other times Balzac locked himself up in his bedroom and stayed there for several days. Plunged in a sort of ecstasy and armed with a quill pen, he wrote night and day, abstaining from all food, his stomach satisfied with the decoctions of coffee he prepared himself.

It was from Saché (1834) that he wrote this letter to his sister:

The time during which the inspiration produced by the coffee lasts is diminishing. Now it only stimulates my brain for fifteen days —fatal stimulation, for it causes me horrible pains in my stomach. I shall weary everyone about me, Laura, and I shall not be surprised. What author's life has not been the same? But I myself know what I am and what I shall be. What energy it needs to keep one's head clear when the heart is suffering! To work night and day and see myself attacked incessantly, when I should have the peace of this cloister for my work! When will that quiet be mine? Shall I ever have it? Only in the tomb, perhaps! Then, I hope, they will do me justice. My best inspirations have always shone brightest in the hour of extreme anguish; they should, therefore, shine again now.

I must stop: I am too sad. Heaven should have given a happier brother to such an affectionate sister.

Balzac suffered terribly from poverty and spent a considerable part of his time dodging his creditors. It was in order to procure money as well as glory that he shut himself up for months in his room, refusing to open any letter, going to bed directly after dinner, sleeping until midnight, then sitting down at his desk and working until noon. One of those who knew him intimately about that time thus describes his method of working:

It was in the most complete and absolute solitude, with the curtains hermetically closed and by the light of four candles placed in two silver candelabras placed over his desk, that Honoré de Balzac produced the works that were destined to bring him everlasting fame. Attired in the garb of a monk—a loose gown of white cashmere in summer and of fine wool in winter, his legs encased in wide trousers of the same material, with red morocco slippers, richly embroidered with gold, on his feet, and his waist girdled by a long gold chain to which were suspended a rich gold pen-knife and pair of scissors of the same metal—far from the world, far from all outside preoccupations, Balzac thought and composed. He corrected and recorrected endlessly his proofs. To revise incessantly his old works was for him a recreation. It was what he called his literary kitchen. He constantly had on the stocks several volumes at the same time.

He usually went to bed at eight o'clock, after a very light meal; and almost always two o'clock in the morning found him seated again at his desk. Until six o'clock his pen, quick, light, and giving out electric sparks, ran rapidly over the paper. The scratching of his pen alone broke the silence of this solitude of the monastery. Then he took a bath, in which he remained an hour, plunged in thought. At eight o'clock Auguste took to him a cup of coffee, which he swallowed without sugar.

From eight to nine o'clock I was admitted to bring him proofs, or to take away corrected ones or bundles of "copy."

The toil of composition then began again with the same ardour and lasted until noon. He then lunched, the meal consisting of two lightly boiled eggs. He drank only water, and ended this frugal repast by a second cup of strong black coffee, also taken without sugar. From one o'clock to six work again, work in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cessantly. Then he dined very lightly, and from seven to eight he would sometimes receive the call of a few friends. That is how Balzac lived and worked.

Jules Sandeau relates that one time while living in Paris, Balzac locked himself up in his room for twenty-two days and twenty-two nights, refusing to see any one, and keeping the curtains closed and the lights continually burning, even in broad daylight. The only human being he saw during this time was his servant, whom he rang for when he felt the need of food, and which he washed down with numerous cups of coffee. He would throw himself on his bed only when entirely exhausted from lack of sleep, and he remained in complete ignorance of what was transpiring outside, the state of the weather and even of the time and day of the week. He only freed himself from this voluntary captivity when he had written the word *End* on the last page of the manuscript he began when he entered his prison.

When not working, Balzac was exceedingly fond of the pleasures of the table. His capacity was Gargantuan, as may be judged by this menu of a dinner he once ordered at Véry's for himself alone: One hundred Ostend oysters, twelve mutton cutlets, a duck, a pair of roast partridges, a sole à la Normande, without counting the hors d'œuvre, side dishes and fruits, among which were some Doyenne pears, which he swallowed by the dozen, and fine wines, coffee and liquors.

Balzac himself attributed his ability to accomplish his herculean labours with so much loss of sleep by the immoderate use of coffee. The author of *The Human Comedy* was, in fact, a victim to strong coffee, and wrote his best when under its influence. In one of his books Balzac thus describes the effect of coffee:

> The coffee, he writes, falls into your stomach. Immediately everything starts into action; your ideas begin to move like Grand Army battalions on the battle-field and the battle opens. Memories arrive at a run, standards flying; the light cavalry of comparisons breaks into a magnificent gallop; the artillery of logic dashes up and unlimbers; thoughts come running up as sharpshooters; characters spring up on all sides; the paper becomes covered with ink, for the struggle has begun and ends in torrents of black water like the battle in black powder.

Balzac, who was a warm champion of coffee, usually took it without sugar and insisted on preparing it himself. He has given several recipes for making good coffee, indicating with minute care the proper quantity and temperature of the water, the length of the time of infusion, etc. He always bought his coffee himself, so as to be sure of its quality. Although devoted to coffee, Balzac had a horror of tobacco, and is known to have smoked only once, when a cigar given him by Eugène Sue made him deathly sick. The statement of Lamartine, who never knew Balzac intimately, that the author's bad teeth were caused by smoking, is erroneous.

A. H.

ARTISTIC, LITERARY, AND BOHEMIAN LONDON IN THE SEVENTIES

BY J. HENRY HAGER. WITH DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR LUMLEY.

I.

London in the Seventies, and especially in the early Seventies, was a most delightful place of residence for those, interested in literature and art, who were so fortunate as to gain an *entrée* to the charmed circles where men of genius threw aside the burdens of life, and in their hours of ease yielded to the seductions of Society and good-fellowship.

It is true that Dickens and Thackeray, Mark Lemon and John Leech, had passed away, but their co-labourers and associates in the field of literature and art remained, and the reminiscences and anecdotes regarding these distinguished men then current in the English metropolis were most enjoyable. Wilkie Collins, who, says John Forster, was one of Dickens's "dearest and most valued friends;" Dickens's son, Charles (who succeeded his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

father as editor of *All the Year Round*); James Albery; George Augustus Sala; Edmund Yates, and others who had worked with and for Dickens were entirely competent to portray the author of *David Copperfield* as he appeared in social intercourse. These men, though not the rose, "had lived near her."

But apart from their recollections, such writers as Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks (who died in 1874), Edmund Yates, Hepworth Dixon, and others equally in evidence in the London of that day were well worth meeting. Indeed, it is doubtful whether a census of the English literati taken now would poll anything like the same number of men of international reputations who then gave tone and brilliancy to the gatherings which they graced by their presence.

But it was also high tide in the world of art as well as in that of literature. Sir Frederick Leighton, R.A., Sir John Millais, R.A., Hubert Herkomer, R.A., Phil Morris, A.R.A., W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., Sir E. J. Pointer, R.A. (whom Du Maurier subsequently sketched in *Trilby*), J. McNeal Whistler, John Tenniel, Charles Keene, and Du Maurier (of *Punch*), Sir James D. Linton, R.I., Sir John Gilbert, R.A., Robert Walker Macbeth, A.R.A., Sir Laurence Alma Tadema, R.A., George Henry Boughton, R.A., S. Luke Fildes, R.A., Marcus Stone, R.A., Val Prinsep, R.A. (although he was not elected until 1894), George Frederich Watts, R.A. (the famous portrait painter), and many others well known on both sides of the Atlantic were to be met within the confines of Bohemian London. These brilliant artists of the mid-Victorian era raised the standard of achievement very high, and proved themselves not unworthy successors of Reynolds, Turner, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Hunt, West, Wilkie, and the other illustrious Englishmen who had preceded them.

It is true that Landseer lingered on until the autumn of 1873, but since 1864 extreme nervous excitability had gradually gained upon him, until his career was closed in 1869 by the exhibition of his "Swannery Invaded by Sea Eagles." During the last four years of his life shattered mental powers had withdrawn him from the companionship of his former associates.

A stranger in London, I had been furnished, as an officer of a literary and artistic club in New York, with introductions to many well-known people, and in September, 1872, I was elected a member of the Savage Club, which then boasted that it had in its early days blackballed the Prince of Wales, on the ground that he was not a working member of the literary, artistic, or journalistic guilds, for whose exclusive benefit the club had been organised. Later, however, it atoned for its harsh treatment, and honoured both itself and the future sovereign (in view of his patronage of, and active interest in, literature and art) by electing him an honorary member—an *amende* which H. R. H. graciously deigned to accept.

Speaking generally, it may be remarked that the literary and artistic clubs of London were a constant illustration and centre of its *vie de Bohème!* The *cameraderie;* the absence of the cast-iron rules and regulations of the "swell" West End organisations; the joviality and good-fellowship of the weekly dinners (more remarkable for these qualities than for *Persicos apparatus);* the interest usually taken by members in each other's welfare, and the opportunities afforded for the inception of business undertakings, made these societies a power in the life of London. To live in the great metropolis, whether as a foreigner or one native and to the manner born, and not to be a member of a club, was in the majority of cases to be a social nobody. Of course, one could climb *ad astra* without them; but the toiler up literary and artistic heights was foolish to forego prospecting in fields that might yield so rich a harvest.

At the time I was initiated into London clubdom, a number of small proprietary organisations, essentially Bohemian in character and usually owned by well-to-do tradesmen, had recently yielded up the ghost. The impossibility of keeping down expenses and the impecuniosity of members were generally the causes of decease. But these failures were only incidents in the club life of the metropolis. There were many independent associations, more or less Bohemian in their management, besides the Savages, that had little difficulty in making both ends

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meet. Among them may be mentioned the Arts, in Hanover Square; the Arundel (then in Arundel Street, between the Strand and the Embankment, but now occupying a house on Adelphi Terrace); the Crichton; the Junior Garrick; the Green Room (all three being in the same Terrace neighbourhood); the Hogarth, in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square; the Fielding, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden; the Oasis, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; the Langham, near the Langham Hotel; the Whittington, in Arundel Street, and the Whitefriars, which latter held weekly reunions, and dined its members at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, which had been rebuilt on the site of a tavern once much patronised by Dr. Johnson.

These clubs were supported by literary folk, journalists, musicians, actors, and artists, and while the latter were to be found chiefly at the Arts, the Langham, and the Hogarth; the actors at the Green Room, the Junior Garrick, and the Savage; the literary people and the journalists at the Oasis, the Crichton, the Fielding, the Whitefriars, the Arundel, and the Savage, the five professions were to be met with, more or less, as members of all the associations I have named.

IN THE GARRICK CLUB.

At the majority of these clubs the regular dinner was the only formal function of the season. In the early part of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

week the Committee would post the name of the chairman for the next Saturday's banquet (!), and the members who proposed dining at that time would write their names underneath. The popularity of the chairman was often to be gauged by the number of those who supported him. His duties when presiding were very simple, and as a rule were confined to announcing (when the proper time had arrived) that "Members would now be allowed to smoke!"

As I have intimated already, the menu was not an elaborate affair—a choice of roast or boiled, with sometimes fish or fowls and one or two vegetables, but not the bewildering abundance usual on an American bill of fare; cheese and celery. Speeches were tabooed. The chairman's signal for smoking was usually followed by recitations, songs, choruses, etc., by some of the professional members, but the whole affair was thoroughly informal, and this very informality, this feast of reason and flow of soul, and the knowledge that one's neighbour was worth talking to, made these *symposia* decidedly enjoyable and unique.

The routine at the artistic clubs was often varied by weekly drawing and painting classes. At the Langham, for instance, which was the resort of hard-working, earnest students, and where Charles Keene, of *Punch,* was the reigning spirit, every Friday evening a chairman was chosen, who selected a subject. The members of the class then went to work, the majority using oils and water-colours, but some drawing in black and white. After a couple of hours time was called and the canvas signed. A supper of salads and beer was then served, and the pictures exhibited for criticism. Probably no better method of self-help could have been devised.

Quite a different organisation from the Langham was the Arts Club, in Hanover Square. It was exceedingly "swell" in its appointments and regulations, and was the resort of the R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s. Indeed, many of the younger members are said to have considered it as a stepping-stone, or ladder, whereby to reach the Royal Academy, and that upon them the mantles of the forty odd pictorial Elijahs would ultimately fall. In spite, however, of these pretentious aspirations, the club formed a very charming rendezvous for the best artists in London, and stiffness and "upishness" were conspicuous by their absence.

The Reunion Club, of which George Augustus Sala was one of the shining lights, had rooms at the Bedford Head, Maiden Lane. It was frequented by prosperous business men with a liking for literature and art, and young, middle-aged and elderly Bohemians, who may be said to have been a product of the Strand-and-Covent-Garden section of London. Among the members were Jonas Levy, a wealthy barrister and deputy chairman of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway; Alfred Wigan, actor, reputed to be one of the best French scholars in London; Robert and William Brough; Stirling Coyne and John Hollingshead, of the Gaiety Theatre. Sala, who was always interesting as a *raconteur,* owing to his phenomenal memory and careful manner of cultivating it, dated his reminiscences of Dickens from seeing, as a boy of ten, the latter's *Village Coquettes,* an operetta brought out at the St. James Theatre, then managed by John Braham, the famous tenor, who also sang the leading part. It was of Braham, by the way (whom he admired greatly), that Charles Lamb said that "he presented a pleasing combination of the angel, the Jew and the gentleman!"

The Oasis Club was strictly literary and journalistic. "Tay Pay" O'Connor was a leading member, and it was often remarked in commenting on the benefits of a classical and mathematical education, that of two members, D. Christie Murray, who had not enjoyed a course in any college or university, was then having his books published and his articles accepted by magazines, while the other, a Cambridge senior wrangler, was only a reporter on a daily paper.

I have not mentioned the Garrick Club, in Garrick Street, on the way from Covent Garden to Piccadilly, since, although a theatrical association, it was in no sense Bohemian. Indeed, the staid members would have been shocked at such an imputation, as it was conducted on the same lines as the big West End-ers. Only actors and managers of reputation, such as Henry Irving, Buckstone, Squire Bancroft, John Hare, "Johnny" Toole, Barry Sullivan, Mr. Kendal, Charles Windham, Chatterton and Augustus Harris—men,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in fact, who had "arrived"—were admitted to membership. The club was founded in 1831, and owns a fine collection of theatrical portraits—probably the finest in London. The Junior Garrick was a small, proprietary affair, trading on the name of its aristocratic neighbour, but in no way connected with it. The elder association was exactly what it pretended to be—thoroughly typical of the profession it represented, and on whose list of members had been inscribed the names of nearly all the notable actors and managers in Great Britain since its organisation.

But while no actor not of acknowledged merit could obtain admission to the Garrick, it was also open to men of letters and journalists. Dickens was a member, but did not go there often, while with Thackeray it was a favourite haunt, he being wont to refer to it as "the G.," "the little G.," and as "the dearest place in the world!" It is famous in London's literary history as the club from which Thackeray secured the expulsion of Edmund Yates for an offensive newspaper article, which, in turn, lead to an estrangement between Dickens and Thackeray that lasted until the week before the latter's death.

Outside of the clubs, however, other changes had occurred during the late Sixties and early Seventies in London's Bohemia. The well-known resorts, yclept the Coal Hole, the Cyder Cellars, and Evans's, had closed, or were about to close. What the Coal Hole and the Cyder Cellars were like may be imagined from Thackeray's description of the (fictitious) Cave of Harmony in the first chapter of *The Newcomes*. From this it may be inferred that they were at one time the resort of notable people about town, but that they had fallen from their high estate, and were frequented then only by social nobodies, who were wont to indulge in the kind of revelry that aroused the indignation of the honest Colonel.

The Cyder Cellars was located under the Jewish synagogue at No. 21A Maiden Lane, just out of Covent Garden, in which street Voltaire once lived as a refugee, and made the acquaintance of Pope, Congreve, Young, and other writers of the time, and in which J. M. W. Turner was born. This thoroughfare was most widely known in the Seventies from Rule's (opposite the Fielding Club), a restaurant where the best oysters in London were to be obtained, these bivalves, with porter, or a pint of bitter, forming the nightly supper of half the Bohemians in town. Over the entrance to the Cyder Cellars was inscribed the Vergilian motto: "*Honos erit huic quoque pomo!*" (Honour shall be [given] also to this apple.) Going inside, the visitor in the old days would often find there (as well as at the Bedford Head Tavern in the same street) Porson, the Greek scholar, Johnson, Boswell, Goldsmith, Garrick, and other Eighteenth-Century worthies. Of the professionals who made the resort famous, or rather infamous, in later days, perhaps Ross, who sang a dreadfully blasphemous composition entitled "Sam Hall," is best remembered.

The Coal Hole was in Fountain Court, nearly opposite to Burleigh Street, Strand, the site being now occupied by Terry's Theatre, and was once frequented by Edmund Kean and his contemporaries. It was in the Sixties noted for a really witty entertainment, but one somewhat dubious on the score of morality, known as "Judge and Jury," which was presided over by the notorious "Baron Nicholson," a barrister who had gone wrong, but a man of bright intellect. The nightly programme was the trial, before a moot court, of divorce, *crim. con.*, slander, and other cases, in which a large amount of salacious detail was sure to be included. In the Seventies the "show," bereft of all the wit and brilliancy that had made it famous, the brutal bestiality on which it was based alone remaining, had been removed to within a few doors of the Alhambra Music Hall, Leicester Square, and did not long survive the death of the "Baron," whose talent—one might almost say genius—had made it one of the star attractions of the metropolis.

At Evans's a more reputable class of entertainment was given, a well-drilled boy choir singing nightly such popular favourites as "The Men of Harlech" and "Rule Britannia," while "Tom Bowling" and other of Dibden's sea-ditties, "Sally in Our Alley" and similar standby, were interpreted by soloists. The Chairman at Evans's was Paddy Green, for a long professional lifetime one of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

best known and most popular men in London. He had by his energy, ability and industry built up the business, which, also, was abandoned soon after his death. The concert hall in its prime was the resort of the literary and artistic leaders of the time, and it was not an uncommon occurrence to see seated at a table listening to the music and discoursing their pipes, ale and spirits such knights of the pen and pencil as Thackeray, Mark Lemon, Du Maurier, Tenniel and John Leech—a thoroughly *Punch* party. It was also haunted by Dickens and his friends, who would drop in after an evening at the Strand theatres, to which it was convenient. At none of these resorts was there any charge for admission, the profit being derived from the edibles and potables sold.

(*To be continued.*)

A DEBATED CHARM

The Stevenson controversy started by Mr. Henley's article over a month ago is still going on, and there will be rumbles of it for some months to come, so that we shall have plenty of time to make up our minds about it. Meanwhile there is no har in a few peaceful reflections on the occasion of it. However honest he may have been, Mr. Henley blundered badly in that article. It was not treason, as some have charged, but only bad manners. It was the spirit of the thing—the air of jeering at his dead friend—that has put him so hopelessly in the wrong. To have a friend like Mr. Henley must add greatly to the terrors of the grave, so savage would he be in trampling down our funeral wreaths and contradicting our obituaries; so eager that the real man, poor devil, should be accurately known. No posthumous twilight for his faults; only the truth or worse; none of the usual perquisites of death. A friend like that would almost begrudge the harmless circumstance of our decent burial. Such at least is the impression the article makes even on people who believe it. It is not any literary preconception, but plain human nature itself that rebels at this way of writing up a dead friend and fellow-craftsman:

> At bottom Stevenson was an excellent fellow; but he was of his essence what the French call *personnel*. He was, that is, incessant and passionately interested in Stevenson. He could not be in the same room with a mirror but he must invite its confidence every time he passed it; . . . he was never so much in earnest, never so well pleased (this were he happy or wretched), never so irresistible, as when he wrote about himself. . . . When he was grossly interested he could see but one side of the debate; and there are people yet living (I am not one of them) who, knowing him intimately, have not hesitated to describe him in a word of three letters, the suspicion of which might well make him turn in his grave. And yet I do not know. He ever took himself so seriously—or, rather, he ever played at life with such a solemn grace—that perhaps, after all, he would scarce stir where he lies for the dread vocable. For he was a humourist and a thinker, and could he hear it he would certainly smile and fall (like the Faquir of story) to considering himself umbilically, and finding in the end that he had fairly earned it, go back to sleep with a glow of satisfaction for that this part also had been well played. No better histrion ever lived.

But there has been ample retribution. For several weeks past people have been calling Mr. Henley a "literary leper" and a "defiler of the dead," and referring his action to malignant jealousy or villainous spite, when bad taste was enough to account for it. He probably thought he was merely undoing some of the harm done Stevenson by his worshippers. He did not realise how ghoulish he looked in the act. He preferred this "histrion," this wretch of the awful three-letter word, to the "barley-sugar effigy of a man" his admirers had made of him, and obtusely fancied he ought to speak out when he was the last man to do it. But, after all, Mr. Henley's personal improprieties do

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not matter very much. The main point is the extreme divergence of view as to the work and character of Stevenson.

The suspicious thing about Stevenson is the quality of his worshippers. As an author he has been overfondled now these many years. It is not so much the overpraise as the kind of overpraise. Stevensonians are responsible for a certain reaction against their master. They have invested his name with cloying associations and put people in a weary and impatient mood that is not favourable to fair judgment. A collector of some of his unpublished letters introduces one of them with this remark: "I cannot help calling attention to the touch anent the reading by himself of *Treasure Island.* It is of a deliciousness." Here is the "touch:" "I wish," writes Stevenson, "I could read *Treasure Island;* I believe I should like it. But the work done, for the artist, is the Golden Goose killed; you sell its feathers and lament the eggs. To-morrow to fresh woods!" Is it truly "of a deliciousness?" By this little imitative twist of phrase and conscious ecstasy over nothing much, you tell your Stevensonian. There is usually about that ratio between his thrill and the thing that gave it. Consider that this has been going on for about ten years, and that there are now many volumes of it. It is not a matter of calling Aristides just. It is a case of the Petted Author, that recurrent plague of literary history, followed usually by total collapse and oblivion. Stevenson is not to blame for it, but by the perverse law that governs in these things some people are bound to think the worse of him.

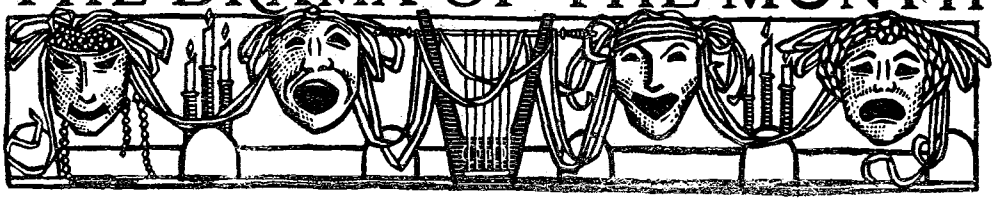
Stevenson's sense of technique worked in his very veins. He was fairly ravaged by a literary motive in whatever he did. There is no need of Mr. Henley's caricature to tell us that. It is clear from his letters. It is probable he never had an emotion without thinking how it would look in print. No man ever left more artistic materials to his biographers. He lived fiction, had ink in his blood, read his passions in proof before anything else had come of them. There never was a more literary temperament. If this is matter for blame, where shall we leave off? If Byron had not been the hero of his own poems, what life would be left in them? The main thing is that art shall stand ready while egotism pumps. Then there may be a fascinating fortitude and a readable despair and an endearing frailty and a character no publisher could possibly refuse. A fine fellow at bottom; a still finer at top. To some, the Stevenson of the letters seems the most artificial man of his time and none the less delightful for all that. To be sure, he might have talked less about his art, and there is Ruskin's dictum that "The moment a man can really do his work he becomes speechless." But Ruskin and Carlyle were always insisting upon other people's speechlessness. It is a harsh requirement of a literary letter-writer. Moreover, he was not given to it in his conversation. We have abundant testimony to his personal interest in the work of other people and reticence as to his own. "I never succeeded in getting Stevenson to talk of himself or his work," says a California friend who was with him constantly for several months and saw him on one occasion drink a quart bottle of Scotch at a single sitting without the least effect on his vanity or his wits. Still he loved confessions in his letters, and very pretty ones they were, and if there is some literary self-embellishment, who of the temperament will throw the first stone?

The charm was real whether it was studied or not, and it is hard to see what disgrace is involved in that charge of stage play. Yet some on finding art in an unexpected place will call it humbug, and their pleasure is spoiled. They want elaborate artistic effects, but the man that they come from must be as simple and wholesome and plain as a bowl of oatmeal. Stevenson's personality, as it is called, was probably his masterpiece. There is no hero in his books to compare with the hero of his letters. Why should not romance begin at home? He had virtues and graces of his own. He borrowed others. He arranged them all with a nice dramatic sense for the profit and pleasure of his readers. And they will in the long run be no less pleased for knowing that he most devoutly meant to please them.

F. M. Colby.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH



In the absence of any inviting by-path one might be expected to follow the highway. Where there is no pleasure in self-indulgence, why not make a marriage of convenience with duty? A critic, casting his eye backward over four weeks of drama and discovering nothing about which it is a satisfaction to converse, might renounce his own desires and talk about *Du Barry,* say, or other phenomena so conspicuous in the public attention that to expatiate about them would be a *prima facie* proof of devotion to his task. *A Gentleman of France,* now at Wallack's, might have furnished excuse for a sober estimate of Stanley Weyman, had not the reviewer, who is presumably hired to "cover" his subject, left the novel unread for weeks on his desk, while he devoted his time to volumes having no relation to anything more practical than enjoyment and the unobtrusive instruction which may lie furtive in any work of genius. The best books which lie for generations on our shelves, whether they be drama, lyrics, history, or the dictionary, sometimes step out to shame, by their enduring worth, the tawdry amusement which makes fortunes daily for the playhouse and the publisher. To draw animation from the present and stability from the past, to avoid both frivolity and pedantic isolation, is an obviously ideal combination of which one term is much easier in America than the other. We should live in our time and in our country; but when we read in most of the New York papers that *Du Barry* is a masterpiece and Mrs. Leslie Carter a happy mixture of the strongest talents of Bernhardt and the finest talents of Réjane, and when we see the Criterion Theatre packed nightly by crowds which agree with the journalists, may we not justly be impelled to hang our heads, renounce our allegiance and go away to live with the animals or the pedants? It is too humiliating. It shows our very glorious fatherland engaged in an activity in which it acquires mainly ridicule. Then look at the lying that holds the ear of the populace and secures flaring headings in the papers. What is too preposterous for either? Having rung the changes on Bernhardt in English as Romeo, and Maude Adams in French as Juliet, until his cerebral hemispheres wavered, Mr. Frohman announces that he will found a French theatre in New York, with Coquelin as a member, and people listen and are not disgusted. There is no reason why they should laugh, because familiarity has taken the joke out of such trickery, but they might at least show a temperate nausea. I select Mr. Frohman to molest because he is the most potent and one of the worst, and he seems to be degenerating daily. I would now gladly give odds of ten to one that any play at his favourite theatre, however coldly received, would be advertised as "the greatest of Empire triumphs," as *The Wilderness* is, although Mr. Esmond's comedy has done only fairly thus far, not nearly as well as it did in England. *Alice of Old Vincennes* is a positive failure, but it is advertised as "an enthusiastic success" and "a new American triumph." *D'Arcy of the Guards* is a pretty little comedy, a relief from *Janice Meredith, Richard Carvel* and *Alice of Old Vincennes,* historically true, orderly, and unaffected in structure, light in the comedy passages, and, I believe, moderately successful; but Mr. Shipman, the author, a man of taste, has done nothing rightly condemning him to read "New York surrenders" and "Miller's great victory" in the advertisements. All these announcements are Mr. Frohman's, and we might respectfully plead with him to do less to bring our theatrical atmosphere into contempt and ridicule. Next month, in talking about Mrs. Patrick Campbell, there will be an opportunity to dwell for one article on acting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and dramas which are supported, not by credulity and gross methods, but by the artist's instinct,

> a discerning sense
> Of decent and sublime, with quick
> Disgust from things deformed.

This month, however, to steal the solace of dwelling on the fair and commendable in art, I should need to use the pretext of a second visit to *Quality Street,* made partly in the hope of more successfully analysing its allurement—an ineffectual desire, since the charm which I felt even more strongly on the second visit is of a nature too delicate for my pen to transfer. Sometimes single lines give a conception of the quality of the whole, especially in comedies of epigrammatic wit, but where the humour pervades the whole atmosphere, each line borrows from all the others and is wronged when it stands alone. The observation of one of the ladies that some men make love merely because they are deficient in conversation is more delightful when it is woven into the story, the scene, and the characters; as is the belief of one of these same fantastic maidens that much conjugal unhappiness grows from the inability of men to "understand how funny ladies can be;" or, "women have feelings as well as men, and old maids as well as women;" or the quaint seriousness of such speech as that of the girl who has just received a proposal of marriage from the man she loves: "The dictates of my heart enjoin me to accept your too flattering offer." The fascinating dialogue has virtues which can no more be indicated by excerpts than the scene where the hero escorts Phoebe's cloak to the carriage in presence of her staring and confounded aunt could be presented by description. This unity of inspiration, which makes each stroke gain from every other, also probably explains the success with which Mr. Barrie passes from serious feeling boldly into farce without destroying the fragile harmony of the whole. Miss Maude Adams does some lovely acting, so good, indeed, that it much increased my belief that in auspicious circumstances she might take an artistic position that would be proof against the years.

Next to *Quality Street* in worth among the pieces which fill our theatres at this writing, is something which it is rather shocking to mention in the same sentence, the boisterous and unpolished, but energetic and living performance now being given by the company at Weber and Fields. Some of the humour of these comedians is local and temporary, such as the remark of De Wolf Hopper, "I have got to do something now or go back to Key West for coal." Again, it is merely verbal, the lowest form of humour, but good after its kind, as, "the spirit is willing, but the flush is weak." Much of it, however, and the best part, is of general human significance, consisting of rough intelligence about the world, furnished with surprising speed and buoyancy, and interspersed with admirable dancing and beautiful women, each element being of high proficiency, from the burlesque acting to the dancing and the scenic effects. Miss Bonnie Maginn is not as heavily burdened with import as the President of the United States, for instance, or the Emperor William, but she is among those accidents of life which give joy to the judicious as well as to the plebeians, and she is the most popular of many details on one side of the Weber and Fields' world, the graceful, agile and comely side, which supplements the stream of inchoate thought and feeling poured out by the comedians; and it may be noticed that in the rough-and-tumble humour most of the excellence belongs to the men, although not all of it, as Miss Fay Templeton witnesses. The burlesque called *The Curl and the Judge* is one of the aptest they have had, and it is an entertaining commentary for one who has seen the Clyde Fitch play.

England still furnishes us most of our theatrical fodder. *Sweet and Twenty* was such an enormous success in London that there is a temptation to boast over its cool reception by the public in New York. This difference means no more, however, than that as regards sentimental mush to the 20th power, each country prefers its own brand. *Lovers' Lane* would probably fare no better in England than *Sweet and Twenty* will in America. No rule would be safe; but, on the whole, Americans seem to need broader comedy with their saccharine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dramas than the English demand. The blithe and innocent pun labours patiently through *Sweet and Twenty,* and a heavy fraction of the burden of humour is borne by an old servant who makes a specialty of breaking glass and furniture. The sentimentality is of a quality equally familiar, feeble and virgin, and the whole is as harmless as food that lacks nourishment. An attempt was made to strengthen the bill by producing one act of Rostand's *Les Romanesques* in front of *Sweet and Twenty,* but this one act was played with ridiculous incompetence, although the whole play had been fairly acted by Mr. Sargent's pupils at a matinee a few weeks before.

Far higher than *Sweet and Twenty* in the scale of sentimental comedies is *The Wilderness.* Mr. Esmond, the author, has been recognised for some years, young though he is, as a man of unusual talent. His gifts flash out now and then, and again sink almost out of sight. Perversity, an unwillingness to learn with the years, and a too insistent pleasure in thinking about one phase of love and one social question—simplicity as opposed to artifice—threaten to hold him back from the rank he suggests. He is but a little over thirty, however, and some catastrophe may give him a new view and deeper notes—the skill, the humour and the sensibility he already has abundantly. Here again the contrast between London and New York was salient. *When We Were Twenty-One* with us is in its third successful year; in London Mr. Goodwin had to close and come home; while *The Wilderness,* which seems to me, and to most Americans—so far as I know—who have seen both, is far less fresh and vigorous, was more favourably received abroad by both critics and public. It may be due in part to the British conservatism which makes the success of a foreign play or company extremely rare, but probably in part to the traits which made London like *Sweet and Twenty;* for *The Wilderness,* while less virile and less vital than *When We Were Twenty-One,* has nothing suggesting the word "shocking," like the third act of the other comedy, and it has a softer and more explicit style of sentiment throughout. It is also only fair to add that the mere plot is more reasonable, although the characters, the atmosphere and the dialogue are inferior to the earlier play. The drawing power of a few fashionable theatres in London may also be included in the explanation, a power not closely connected with high standards of acting, for the performance at the Empire was much superior to that at the St. James. Most of the parts were fairly well taken. Mr. Richman was excellent as the baronet who sighs for green fields and unselfish love, and Miss Anglin did the intricate and strong work which with her is now becoming a matter of course; and as in this instance the best of it is comedy, it is the more to her credit, since her show of power last year was in the emotional intensity of *Mrs. Dane's Defence.*

Besides Mrs. Carter, whose rough strength is so much like sheer meaningless muscle, as it were, so metallic, so like a machine that pounds accurately and hard, so unideal that it is valueless except for circus plays, like *Du Barry,* as generous in scenery and climaxes as they are raw in tone and psychology—besides Mrs. Carter, several actors deserve mention in a month so barren in stimulating drama. The rush for Francesca da Rimini plays brought an uninspired version to New York first, the old Boker play used by Lawrence Barrett, commonplace in verse and characterisation, but Mr. Otis Skinner proved in it again his ability in the poetic drama, for he really made his portion of the play into poetry, and he was supported by an excellent Paola in Mr. Aubrey Boucicault and a shiningly bad company from Francesca down. Kyrle Bellew, in *A Gentleman of France,* which has been put into a play rather above most of the others of its class, did as dashing, graceful and modulated acting as could well be wished for in this wildly romantic line, and he was seconded by a young actress, Miss Eleanor Robson, who will be a disappointment if she does not turn out to be one of the ablest players in America before she is many years older.

Whether the sudden production of *Frocks and Frills* at Daly's Theatre after the date for another play had been announced was due to the desire to get ahead of a rival version of the same French comedy is a disputed point. That these tactics were used against James K. Hackett and his version of *Don Cæsar*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

de Bazan and against Henrietta Crosman and her *Nell Gwynn* comedy there can be little doubt. Whatever its cause, however, *Frocks and Frills* turned out to be a fairly typical Scribe comedy, as skilful in intrigue as a modern puzzle, and as meaningless. A third act in which some gorgeous gowns, some beautiful women and an undressing scene combine may save it, or it may not. To me the only mitigating circumstance, apart from the beauty of the women, was the acting of Jameson Lee Finney, who is an artist. *Norman Hapgood.*

HERE AND THERE

In South America.

For the past sixty years or more the political storm-centre of the world has been the East. Around the moribund Turkish Empire—dying by inches, yet fierce in its decrepitude as in its savage youth—the birds of prey have gathered and have fought with one another, and still the vitality of Islam, though sapped with every year, is able to flame forth with a fury which keeps the vultures at a distance. There is no likelihood that, for the next decade or two, conditions will materially change; and the more pressing questions that have recently arisen in the Farther East will doubtless give the Sick Man a still longer respite by distracting the attention of his enemies. In our opinion, the danger signals are more surely set in South America; for it is there that one discerns the possibilities of disturbances so ominous as to deserve the consideration of every statesman who does not wish to be found off his guard.

The South American republics have never yet been taken very seriously by foreign nations. Europe knows little of them and perhaps we in the United States know even less. There is a whole continent more curiously isolated than even Africa; for men's minds all over the world have been busy with Africa since it became a sort of barbaric treasure-house which every one might plunder, and since it has vexed the diplomacy of Europe with the problems to which its occupation by white men have given birth. The French have reason to remember it; for the pettifogging of Gambetta in 1882 lost for them their hold on Egypt, while the name of Fashoda burns still more hotly in their thoughts, with its heritage of humiliation and surrender. Their occupation of Tunis and of Madagascar and their possession of Algeria have also given them a lasting interest in the Dark Continent; and the still unsettled question of Morocco's future looms large on the horizon. Italy has reason to remember Africa ever since the panic rout at Adowa swept away her military prestige at a blow, and taught her a lesson that she will not soon forget. Germany holds territory in Africa and hopes to hold still more; while Great Britain is at the present moment pouring out a torrent of blood and gold as the price of a great mistake committed there.

But South America—it has been at the most a geographical expression. Who outside of diplomatic circles can even name the presidents of the various republics? How many diplomats, even, can mention half a dozen South American statesmen? Yet the South Americans exist and multiply. They have great cities, and fine buildings, and parks, and palaces. They write books and paint pictures and pursue the arts; they have universities and cathedrals and libraries. They have also their distinguished generals and politicians, to whom they erect statues and build memorials, and whose lives the children of South America are made to study. But who on earth outside of South America knows anything about these things? Who wants to know about them? The world at large has been supremely careless, and has looked upon all South America as a rather amusing microcosm, where everything was purely *bouffe*—the statesmen, the generals, the revolutions, the institutions, in fact, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole thing. Even if serious events grew out of South American questions, we never went back very far in our researches. Mr. Cleveland nearly got us into a war with England over Venezuela, and both we and the English took a good deal of interest in *that;* but we did not pay any especial attention to Venezuela even then. Brazil became a republic, and incidents occurred which led us to send a fleet to Rio de Janeiro. Admiral Benham came near blowing some Brazilian men-of-war into the air; but we were not excited. It would have pleased us to read of it in the newspapers, but what had caused it all no one would ever have taken the trouble to find out. In fact, there exists in the American mind an almost invincible indifference to "Dagoes" of all kinds, and even when they made war upon us we viewed the whole thing as a bit of international melodrama, and no one became seriously anxious over the affair. It is like the traditional English feeling about the French, only the English have at times had panics and we haven't. So we contemplate the South American republics much as an old campaigner would look at boxes of tin soldiers in the window of a shop.

We shall have to change all that before very long. The world is growing smaller every year, and as the North American Republic is growing bigger it is bound to become gradually conscious that it is existing not alone but in a crowd. Various things are going to be thrust on its attention in a way to give it pause. And we think that more of these potential worriments are destined to come to us from South America than from any other quarter of the world. Let us survey briefly the political conditions as they exist to-day in that continent, which most of us have hitherto regarded as existing mainly for the purpose of furnishing a convenient *mise en scène* for certain novels written by Mr. Richard Harding Davis.

On every side there are to be found conditions which make for international friction. In the first place, there are the rumours of an attempt to restore the Brazilian monarchy. These rumours have been periodically rife ever since Dom Pedro was driven out by the military clique which set up the shaky structure now known as the Republic of Brazil; but at the present time these rumours are more persistent and more definite than they have ever been before. What would be the result of a serious attempt to restore the Empire? Probably for a year or two at least there would ensue a period of anarchy. The country would be rent apart by internal strife, and during this absence of all centralised authority the province of Rio Grande do Sul would assert its independence and set up a government of its own. But Rio Grande do Sul is colonised by Germans, and if it were to shake itself free from all political connection with Brazil, we should have a German State established on American soil. This would in itself be no infringement of the letter of the Monroe Doctrine so long as the new State maintained its independence and formed no close alliance with the German Empire. Its existence, however, with fortified ports and a secretly encouraged stream of colonists from Germany, would create conditions which would give Germany an easy means of access to this hemisphere if ever the hands of the United States were tied by internal or by foreign complications.

The state of affairs in Venezuela at the present time is also ominous. That country which, ever since the robber rule of Guzman Blanco ended, has gone from bad to worse, is now in a state of incipient revolt. Its president, General Castro, is a typical South American dictator, treacherous, insolent, and tyrannical. He has destroyed the republic's credit and he has become deeply involved in a controversy with Germany from having refused to pay the debts that are justly due to German subjects and to the German government. He has, moreover, utterly estranged American sympathy by his contemptuous treatment of our officials, and he therefore stands alone and without a friend. The German Kaiser with the full assent of the American government has announced his intention of occupying the Venezuelan port of La Guayra temporarily and of collecting its customs duties until the claims of Germany shall have been paid. So far as this particular proceeding is concerned it possesses no great importance; yet the possible consequences of it may be serious. Should

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Venezuela, instead of submitting tamely to this action on the part of Germany, choose to regard it as a *casus belli* and then attack the German forces, harass them by a species of guerilla warfare and perhaps finally compel the Kaiser to send an expedition into the interior of the country, the consequences might be difficult to foresee. On the one hand, Germany could not withdraw her troops uncompensated, without a serious loss of military prestige; and, on the other hand the people of the United States would become uneasy and at last resentful over any action which looked like a permanent occupation of Venezuelan territory by European troops. For Venezuela itself the American people care nothing. For the principle of the Monroe Doctrine they are willing to face a world in arms.

Finally, and most menacing of all, is the part which the Republic of Chile aspires to play in South American, and ultimately in North American, affairs. Chile is the one compact, efficient, energetic and well governed Spanish-American republic. Its public honesty and its vigour deserve all the admiration which they have received. Unfortunately, however, the Chileans entertain ambitions which are likely at some time in the future to lead them straight to serious disaster. The typical Chilean of the ruling class looks forward to the time when his country shall have reached out eastward across the Andes to the conquest of Argentina, and northward to the conquest of Peru—a country which it has once before defeated and beaten to its knees. A Chilean delegate to the recent Pan-American Congress, held in the City of Mexico, expressed his own belief that at some time in the future, Chile would be the guiding spirit in a great Spanish-American league, which should include both Central America and Mexico, and in the end defeat and humble the American Republic of the North. The Chileans have always hated us and they have never hesitated to make that hatred clear to us. They showed it very plainly in 1891, when they set upon our sailors in the streets of Valparaiso and allowed them to be stabbed and beaten and imprisoned; while at Santiago our legation was besieged, and a Chilean Minister uttered public words of insult against the President of the United States. The existence of civil strife in Chile at that time and the stern ultimatum of Mr. Blaine, backed up as it was by a naval demonstration, brought the Chileans to their senses for the moment; but there is no doubt at all that ever since that incident they have watched and waited and made their plans with a view to meeting us upon more equal terms at some time in the future.

Altogether, then, there is food for serious thought in the conditions which now exist in South America. They show the wisdom of our present policy of providing for a steady increase in the navy. It is not likely that Germany has any immediate intention of letting our relations with her become less cordial than they are at present; yet circumstances often bring about most unexpected situations, and it is quite as well to be prepared for any sudden crisis that may confront us. The diplomat is listened to with much more serious attention when it is known that his urbane requests have back of the the irresistible argument that speaks its final word amid the cannon thunder. As for Chile, that country will some day forget itself again, and then we shall have to take away its ships and march a few good regiments up and down the streets of Santiago as a little object-lesson to the Chileños.

II.

The Schley Verdict.

Writing some months ago about the case of Admiral Schley, we said that when the Naval Court of Inquiry should have completed its investigation and announced its decision, the verdict ought to be accepted without question by every patriotic American. That verdict has been rendered; and it is quite in accordance with the opinions which we set forth before the sittings of the Court began. Admiral Schley has been entirely exonerated from the reflections that were made upon his personal courage; but the findings of the Court (we speak of those alone which were unanimously agreed upon) make it plain that he is temperamentally unfitted for large responsibilities. He could not keep his head in serious emergencies; he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hesitated, vacillated, and made mistakes, and thereby he fully justified the action of the government in subordinating him to the cooler and more clear-headed Sampson. The country as a whole has pretty generally accepted this verdict as correct. It is painful to record the fact that Admiral Schley himself has not so accepted it. It was he who first asked for the Court of Inquiry; it was he who expressed his satisfaction with the composition of the Court. His case was ably presented, and it was passed upon by his brothers in arms, who united the highest professional qualifications with unblemished records as men of honour. Yet now that these three men have given an opinion which is in some respects adverse to him, Admiral Schley, instead of accepting it with dignified and manly resignation, has begun to play the politician and to quibble and pull wires. Does he suppose that the verdict of a lot of Congressmen, all animated by political motives and all entirely ignorant of the subject on its technical side, would have the slightest weight with any one as against the sober, deliberate and unanimous decision of Admirals Dewey, Benham and Ramsay? These men have censured Admiral Schley, but in no serious manner. The heaviest condemnation which will at last be his must come to him because of the manner in which he has received their verdict on his actions.

III.

The President and General Miles.

One of the most refreshing incidents of recent occurrence is the dignified but very severe rebuke administered by the Secretary of War to General Miles for his comments on the findings of the Naval Court of Inquiry. General Miles is a brave and efficient soldier, but his fondness for notoriety and for the sound of his own voice has almost destroyed his credit with the mass of the people, so that he is no longer viewed with seriousness by any one. This is unfortunate for him, and it is doubly unfortunate for that arm of the service to which he happens to belong. General Miles has, indeed, been piling up a heavy account against himself ever since the time of the Spanish War. He has talked about everything to everybody. Sensational journals have found him the easiest possible subject for exploitation. The callowest young reporter could play upon the vanity of the Commanding General of the Army and get him to say foolish things at any hour of the day or night. Now he has been reprimanded in such terms as may well give even his extreme complacency a shock and ought to make him tingle all over, the more so as his pitiful and bombastic attempt at explanation only render his original impropriety the plainer. A period of prolonged silence on the part of General Miles will be welcomed by the country with an enthusiasm such as it never has vouchsafed to any of his multitudinous maunderings.

The point has been made that an official reprimand by the Secretary of War is one of the penalties prescribed in the Army regulations, and that in consequence it ought not to have been inflicted on the Commanding General except upon the recommendation of a court martial regularly convened. There is some truth in this; but the particular case of General Miles was one wherein the President did well in stretching his prerogative. What the country wanted, what everybody wanted, was to have the whole miserable incident stopped short in the most summary and peremptory way. To have court-martialed General Miles would have meant another period of gossip and scandal and recrimination; and President Roosevelt did precisely the right thing in setting his foot down hard just when he did. As to the personal rebuke which he administered to General Miles at a public reception, there is no doubt that this produced at first a very painful impression throughout the country. It did not seem to comport with the dignity of the President nor with the high rank of General Miles that such a scene should have been enacted. Yet we learn from very high authority that this was something which General Miles brought down upon himself by his utter tactlessness and lack of common sense. He approached the President in public and spoke to him upon the subject, and the President twice signified his wish that General Miles should discuss the matter in the Cabinet Room in private. General Miles, however, not only refused to take the hint, but persisted in drawing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forth the President's opinion at that particular moment. If the opinion which he received was by no means complimentary and if the manner in which it was delivered was not at all agreeable, then General Miles has no one but himself to blame.

Of less consequence, though equally gratifying, is President Roosevelt's peremptory demand, through the Secretary of the Navy, for the resignation of Mr. Edgar S. Maclay. This utterly unimportant and irresponsible person, whom the *Sun* made quite ridiculous by describing him as "the greatest living American historian," happened to be the occasion of precipitating a very lamentable controversy and of bringing it to a focus. It is simply poetic justice that the whole affair should end in his being kicked out of even a nominal connection with a service upon which, in his little way, he did his best to bring discredit. The President's approval, through Secretary Long, of the majority report of the Naval Court of Inquiry, his censure of General Miles, and his kicking of Maclay may be taken together as significant of his intention to bring this whole objectionable controversy to an abrupt and permanent conclusion. In truth, the entire nation is sick to death of it; and after a few more howls have been emitted by the yellow editors, and a few more verbal pyrotechnics have been let off by "prominent citizens" who like to see their names in print, the incident will shrink to its proper size and will represent, perhaps, three lines of space in the future history of the Republic.

IV.

Mr. Platt and Mr. White.

A great many persons were surprised when it was announced that Senator Platt intended to bring a suit for libel against Mr. William Allen White, the Kansas journalist, because of a so-called "character sketch" of Mr. Platt which Mr. White had contributed to a popular magazine. Senator Platt is a veteran in political warfare, and he has had his full share of the invective, ridicule and personal abuse which every successful politician expects to encounter and which, indeed, is a tribute to his power. For it is only the man who does not count that is passed by in silence or is mildly praised. The powerful actor in the political drama always reckons upon the hisses of one part of his audience; and these hisses ought to be no less sweet to him than are the cheers. Applause means that you have pleased your friends, while abuse means that you have hit your enemies; and perhaps the hitting of one's enemies is quite as agreeable to human nature as is the gratification of one's friends. At any rate, it was a surprise to find that an old hand like Senator Platt should be moved to threaten legal penalties for the ten-millionth assault that had been made upon him by a journalist.

This surprise is very much intensified when one reads the "character sketch" to which Mr. White has signed his name. We are not concerned here with any questions as to Mr. Platt's political career, his personal character, or the nature of the influence which he has exercised in New York politics We simply take Mr. White's alleged portrait of him and declare it to be an utterly impossible one—not because it is at variance with any estimate which we may have formed of Senator Platt, but on the broader ground that it does not depict a human being. It is not like Mr. Platt because it is not like any one. It is psychologically unreal. It is a Frankenstein monster.

The way in which Mr. White went about producing this "character sketch" is perfectly obvious when we read the sketch itself. Mr. White is a journalist of the Western type, vivid, nervous, unrestrained, and eager to make "points" in everything that he writes. It is not probable that he has any special knowledge of Mr. Platt; but he has listened to much gossip, he has a keen scent for the picturesque, and a vigorous, slap-dash style made effective by an unconventional vocabulary. So he went ahead and scrawled upon his pages a Doré-like impression of such a character as never actually existed in this world. As we read, we can smell the printer's ink, we can see the "scareheads," we can hear the yells of the newsboys clamouring to get hold of a fresh sensation that will go off like hot cakes. It is jay-hawk journalism—a garish reproduction of a popular phantasm, with all the shadows deepened and all the minor traits exaggerated. It makes brisk

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reading; but, as we said, it is quite impossible—a psychological abortion.

Mr. White ought to be aware that no human being is so elemental, so utterly simple, so completely all of a piece as he has made out Mr. Platt to be. Least of all, is it conceivable that any politician, by use of the meanest arts alone, by the most cold-blooded selfishness, unrelieved by any warmth of heart or by human feeling, could ever so bind able men to him as to control for years the political destinies of a great commonwealth? This is contrary to all experience, and were it true, it would be discreditable to humanity. If Mr. White will push his investigations somewhat farther he will find that there are many men who have not only worked with Senator Platt and served him as a leader, but who have done so with enthusiasm apart from any selfish interests of their own. They have found something in him as a man as well as a political chieftain, and this fact makes Mr. White's imaginary portrait false because it shows that the lighter, better side is wanting in it.

Mr. White has done some admirable work of late in fiction. His story of the Populistic craze in Kansas, and of the unkempt, weak, emotional, fanatic governor, Dan Gregg, is startling in its perfectly evident reality. Mr. White knows this type well. He has watched it grow into existence and then decay. But when he jauntily comes East and tries to knock off a political kit-cat for a popular magazine, and takes as his subject a person of whom he really knows so very little, he makes us feel that while his fiction may at times be portraiture, his portraiture is wholly and completely fiction.

V.

"The Islanders."

It is a very foolish thing to look at Rudyard Kipling from a purely literary point of view. Somehow or other he is so much more than a "literary man" that the ordinary standards of literary criticism do not apply to him any longer. He has got the ear of the whole English-speaking world to a degree that is quite unparalleled, and when he sends forth a blast of powerful appeal or of flaming indignation, he speaks for the whole race and to it. His words fly underneath the seven seas of which he himself has written, and within a few hours not only Englishmen, but Americans, Australians, South Africans and Anglo-Indians are reading his vigorous lines, while the newspapers of four continents are filled with excited comments upon what he has seen fit to say. There is no statesman living who receives so instantaneous a response to his pronouncements as does this remarkable writer, who has the gift of putting into a few stinging, scorching words the thought that is dumbly seeking utterance in a million minds. Kipling is one of the voices of the age. You may dislike him or you may be infinitely stirred by him; but read him and listen to him you must.

His latest lines, "The Islanders," afford extraordinary evidence of his unique position. In them he dares to say what men of English blood all over the earth are thinking, and what he says he says with a fierce conviction and a magnificent relentlessness. That England is fatuous in its self-complacency, that it cannot longer defend its splendid heritage without stern sacrifice, that it must face even the dire necessity of conscription or else sink into subordination—these are some of the things that Kipling tells his countrymen. They are not pleasant things to hear, but they compel attention; for they are uttered with sincerity and in words that cannot be forgotten. If the phrases that contain them be extravagant; if the scourging be unmerciful, that makes no difference. Nor does it make any difference if the lash in descending smites also him who wields it. Three years ago it was Kipling himself who proclaimed in brassy notes the pride of race, who despised "the lesser breeds," who saw in the clean-limbed, nonchalant, and well-bred "flanneled fools" whom he now withers by his scorn, the masters of the earth in peace and war. His Gadsbys, so gay and debonnaire, well set up, good-tempered, easy-going and ignorant, were the finest soldiers in the world. They spent no time in studying the art of war. They left that for Germans and for Frenchmen. They were adepts at polo, they were splendid cricketers, they could dance and flirt and drawl. What more was necessary? So,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when Kipling in 1899 sang of "fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay," he sang with a light heart and with all the self-complacency of his own heroes. But, alas! four times fifty thousand horse and foot have gone to Table Bay since then; and a few Dutchmen who knew nothing of polo and who never used a bit of pipeclay in their lives, have "crumpled up" (that used to be Kipling's favourite expression) his Guards and Lancers and Highlanders, all "in one red burial blent," and to-day Mr. Kipling is calling his athletic but utterly untrained young Englishmen mere "muddied oafs." It was a bitter lesson that Kipling had to learn, and he has learned it thoroughly. Only he might, perhaps, in his heart of hearts, contrive to moderate his indignation against those who are still labouring under a delusion which he himself has done far more than any other living man to foster and perpetuate.

H. T. P.

NOVEL NOTES

THE LAIRD'S LUCK, AND OTHER FIRESIDE TALES. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

In *The Laird's Luck* Mr. Quiller-Couch has given us another of those characteristic volumes of short stories which have secured for him a conspicuous position in imaginative literature. Both in matter and in manner he stands alone, and it would be hard to say whether one more admires the individuality and freshness of his natural gift as a *raconteur,* or the rare mastery of technique which shapes and gives the perfect finish to his work. In this last respect one cannot but be struck by the air of verisimilitude which he has succeeded in imparting to three of these stories in particular. "The Laird's Luck," the "Three Men of Badajoz," and "The Two Scouts," are so charged with the atmosphere of the Napoleonic campaigns and so accentuated with circumstantial details, that they might well pass for the genuine narratives of eye-witnesses. Of the nine tales which make up the collection it is only, I think, in the first that, in spite of admirable workmanship, Mr. Quiller-Couch has not quite succeeded in achieving his object. Eerie and pathetic as is the conception of an unbaptised child-spirit—a "poor innocent, without knowledge of God's ways"—clinging to its legitimate brother and serving him with a clannish fidelity which does not hesitate at theft and card-sharping, it is too dreadful and too unchristian a surmise of the possibilities of the unseen world to be accepted for a moment, even for the sake of argument. We have outgrown the atrocious theology which consigned the souls of unbaptised infants to unquenchable fires, or to "sorrow without torment," or to a state of elfish isolation. Many years ago Sir Walter Besant treated a somewhat similar motif from its humorous side; but his invisible agent was merely the conventional "familiar," grown decrepit and effete from extreme age. The notion of this "innocent without the knowledge of God's ways" is too hideous, and happily too incredible. "D'Arfet's Vengeance" is a finely imagined sequel to the elopement of Robert Machin and Anne D'Arfet from Bristol in the reign of Edward the Third. A wave of the wand, and that old-world romance of love is re-enacted before us. And years after these lovers have mouldered in their grave the husband, bald and wrinkled and old—a mere "husk of a man"—lands in Madeira to wreak that grim vengeance, the thought of which has sustained him to the end. "I would be buried, sirs, *not beside but between them.* Ah? . . . You refuse me, I understand?" Quite as distinguished, in a different mode, is the new reading of an ancient legend in "Phœbus on Halzaphron," with its arresting description of the landslip—surely not apocryphal—in Mount's Bay, and they may be disposed to think Lord St. Cyres at his best in the difficult abstruse questions which arose during the long conflict with Bossuet, or with which the now nearly-forgotten name of Malebranche is associated. A happy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

combination of thought and language, with brilliant *aperçus* now and then, these chapters would not be unworthy of such an Oxford teacher as the late Professor Wallace, whom in certain points they recall.

But the supreme interest centres round Fénélon as a study in character, and now, if never before, we can view him, not as a saint on a pedestal, but in his habit as he lived. Complex beyond his own interpretation, the man appears an extraordinary mixture of light and shade; his defects undeniable, the magic of his presence heightened by them, his prelusive attitude to the later time not less clear than his attachment to the Greeks and classic antiquity. In sum he is the spirit of protest; the prophecy, and in Télémaque almost the leader, of opposition to Louis XIV., to despotism, to formulas of every kind; while in literature he goes before Jean Jacques and is the distant herald of Wordsworth. A man so alive to creative yet secret influences, far in advance of his own generation, and suffering because of it, affects us in another fashion than the imperial Bossuet, who preached the funeral oration of a stereotyped and simply inherited scholasticism. It is astonishing. Fénélon, who was adored for his virtue, without respect to his opinions, now turns out, like many a prophet, inferior to the message that he brought. Bossuet appears more likely to escape judgment as a man; yet, for all M. Brunetière may argue, his Augustan French is a dead language and he speaks to none of us. The pathetic note in Fénélon may be sometimes forced; this deeper pathos, at the sight of an imperfect mortal, charged with meanings too great for him, spotted in his nobler kind, will never quit his memory, any more than it can be divided from Savonarola's. I could wish that Lord St. Cyres had dwelt upon it. He has made us the richer by a sincere, well-studied, impartial, and perhaps enduring biography, which ought to be welcome. We shall not love Fénélon the less because we pity him; if he is no longer the saint we thought, he remains a man of genius, born out of due time, bitterly persecuted, and not always understood even by himself.

William Barry.

THE MAKING OF A MARCHIONESS. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: F. G. Stokes Company. $1.10 net.

On the whole, the first part of this novel is better than the second. In the first you are introduced to Emily Fox-Seton, a simple, lovable, womanly heroine of thirty-six, a dependent lady-companion in great houses, who finds an unselfish happiness in promoting the happiness of others, and, so engaged, unconsciously wins the affection of the mature, widowed Marquis of Walderhurst, and after a short, matter-of-fact wooing becomes the Marchioness. The second part is equally good until the Marquis has to go abroad. Then Captain Osborne, heir-presumptive of the Marquis, who is staying near by, with his wife, in a house his lordship has lent them, is invited to come, with his household, and become the Marchioness's guests for a while; and under her roof they are better able to carry out divers diabolical attempts on her life, the captain's desperation increasing when he learns she is expecting an heir. He wants to teach her horse-riding, intending to arrange a throw for her; but she declines. Aided by his Indian servant he deposits a broken cornice on the stairs, on the chance of her falling over it; saws through the rail of a wooden bridge on which she often leans to watch sunsets; poisons her glass of milk. But she is saved by her faithful maid and the repentance of the captain's wife, and, fleeing for safety, goes into hiding in London. The characterisation is so consistently true in the case of Emily, and the Marquis, and his cousin Lady Maria, to say nothing of minor persons, that one resents the intrusion of this melodramatic captain, with his stagey outfit of blue-fire villainies, and resents it the more because after he has departed to India the story closes with a return to its earlier, natural note, and the winning of the Marchioness back from the gates of death is a pathetic and human touch that makes the preceding sensationalism the more unreal. Withal, the book is so eminently interesting that, however much you may disbelieve its sensational developments, you will not be able to lay it down till you get to the end.

COUNT HANNIBAL. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.50.

"M. de Tavannes smiled. Mademoiselle averted her eyes and shivered." Could anything promise better than this opening of Mr. Weyman's new romance? "'But your heart,' he cried fiercely, 'is his! Your heart, which you told me in the meadow could never be mine!' 'I lied,' she murmured, laughing tearfully, and her hands hovered over him. 'It has come back. And it is on my lips.' And she leant over and kissed him. And Count Hannibal knew that he had entered into his kingdom, the sovereignty of a woman's heart." Could anything be more satisfying than such an ending in these days, when writers who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ought to know better insist upon taking leave of hero and heroine in darkness and despair? Really, it is hardly necessary to say more than that between these passages runs a story in Mr. Weyman's best vein, with the crimson horror of St. Bartholomew as an historical setting. Count Hannibal is a worthy companion of *A Gentleman of France* and *The Red Cockade*, and Mr. Weyman's hand is as cunning as ever in fashioning a romance which will send a thrill through the most jaded reader and keep even a reviewer from his bed.

THE PROPHET OF BERKELEY SQUARE. A Tragic Extravaganza. By Robert Hichens. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

If there were prizes for painstaking industry in the literary world, Mr. Hichens would surely earn the first by his new story. No one in the three kingdoms can recently have laboured so hard to amuse us, if we are to judge by our own laborious determination to co-operate with him in being amused. We might have succeeded under certain conditions, with the aid of a bellowing orchestra, dazed by the glare of the footlights and the whirling and the stamping of his harlequinade, had it appeared on the stage. But without such stimulus to high spirits we are prostrated by the ferocious onslaught of farce before we have passed the tenth page, and there are nearly three hundred and forty of them. Mr. Hichens's Lady Enid swore a solemn vow to be silly, silly, and nothing but silly. And she was. Mr. Hichens has made a fierce determination to be the same, and seems to challenge us to deny his success. We are far from denying it. There! But it takes a very clever man to be so elaborately absurd.

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, January 1, 1902.

The holiday trade in books proved to be fully up to expectations. The present season's sales were remarkable in the amount as a whole, in the large number of the popular books of the day, upon which the profits were limited by competition, and in a good proportion of the new net books, upon which the publishers' prices were generally maintained. The character of the Christmas sales compared with that of former years was somewhat different, in that the demand for strictly holiday goods was less noticeable, more prominence being given to the popular fiction. Sets, booklets, calendars, special twelvemo and sixteenmo editions and books of illustrations were not so generally sought. Certain illustrated editions were, however, popular, of which may be noted *A Japanese Nightingale,* by Onoto Watanna; *Old-Time Gardens,* by Alice Morse Earle, and *Heroines of Fiction,* by W. D. Howells.

Juveniles naturally found much favour for gift purposes, and from the large list of fall publications may be selected *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,* illustrated by Peter Newell; *Fernley House,* by Laura E. Richards, and *A Little Girl in Old New Orleans,* by Amanda A. Douglas, as selling most readily. *Lives of the Hunted,* by Ernest Seton-Thompson; *Making of an American,* by Jacob Riis, and *Thoughts for Every-Day Living,* by Maltbie D. Babcock, is a list of miscellaneous titles which were in great demand during the weeks just passed. Charles Dana Gibson's *A Widow and Her Friends* continued the successful series of drawings he contributes annually to the holiday list, and fortunately the publishers were able to supply the demand. This, however, was not the case in other instances, and several of the popular titles were temporarily out of print, but not to the extent of former years was this misfortune felt. The month's publications were comparatively light as to numbers, but contained several belated works which at once met with a popular sale. Of the most noticeable were *Forty Modern Fables,* by George Ade; *In the Fog,* by Richard Harding Davis; *Mr. Dooley's Opinions,* by F. P. Dunne, and *The Velvet Glove,* by Henry Seton Merriman.

The year just passed may undoubtedly be classed as a successful one in the book trade. Many valuable and profitable books have been published, and a decided step has been taken toward the betterment of the trade conditions. The outlook for the present year is already good, and it bids fair at least to equal its predecessor. In referring to the most salable books of the month it may be said that after selecting the leaders, which continued to maintain their places, it is difficult to arrange in positive order the balance. It is sufficient to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

say that they all sold largely, and a considerable list might be added of titles running much above the average in sales.

The Right of Way. Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
The Crisis. Winston Churchill. $1.50.
D'ri and I. Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
The Cavalier. George W. Cable. $1.50.
Lives of the Hunted. Ernest Seton-Thompson. Net, $1.75.
The Man from Glengarry. Ralph Connor. $1.50.
Sylvia: The Story of an American Countess. Evalyn Emerson. $1.50.
Kim. Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
The Ruling Passion. Henry Van Dyke. $1.50.
Lazarre. Mary Hartwell Catherwood. $1.50.
The Portion of Labour. Mary E. Wilkins. $1.50.
Count Hannibal. Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.
A House Party. Introduction by P. L. Ford. $1.50.
Graustark. George B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
The Eternal City. Hall Caine. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, January 1, 1902.

Holiday trade more than realised expectations, and was a most satisfactory ending to a successful year. The past year has been a notable one, not only by reason of its success, but principally because it has witnessed an effort to put bookselling on a paying basis and improve the trade in books in other respects. Like the year's record, this movement has been very successful, and although mistrusted somewhat at first, it is now heartily endorsed by the trade everywhere. Fiction as usual played the most prominent part in holiday trade, and the leading books had very large sales. There were more "popular" books, however, than there were a year ago, and sales were consequently spread over a larger area. *The Crisis* led in actual numbers sold, with *The Right of Way* in second place. *D'ri and I, The Cavalier, Lazarre, The Man from Glengarry* and *The Ruling Passion* all met with a wonderful demand. Perhaps, however, the most notable feature among the leaders was the astonishing vogue of *Lives of the Hunted*. This was expected to sell well, but the result was far beyond expectations. Publishers evidently had fairly well estimated the demand this season for not quite as many books as usual went out of print during the holidays. Juvenile books of the better class went very well, especially Newell's *Alice in Wonderland, Six Boys from Dickens, Old Songs for Young America* and *Mother Goose's Menagerie*, by Carolyn Wells.

Works of Biography and Memoirs were especially prominent in Christmas sales, and hardly at any period before have so many good-selling books in this class appeared in one season. *The Making of An American*, by Jacob Riis, was a great success, but, unfortunately, ran out of print early on account of the extraordinary demand for it. Slason Thompson's *Study of Eugene Field* was in great request locally, and it was a hard matter to keep Booker T. Washington's *Up from Slavery* in stock. *Lowell's Biography* and *The Life of Stevenson* also had a good December sale. The "Gibson" books were as popular as they always are at Christmas time, especially the new one, *A Widow and her Friends*, and illustrated books of the moderate-priced kind were bought extensively. Sets of the works of standard authors sold a little better than last season, but the sale of these is small compared with what it was a decade or so ago. The trade has reason to congratulate itself over the fact that the situation in regard to bookselling is better now at the opening of the new year than it has been for a long time. Not only is business good and the prospect bright for its continuance, but better times may be expected; a trade spirit recognising a community of interests now prevails, and the close of the year we are now entering upon should and ought to see book selling a paying business.

The best selling books of the month were, in regard to numbers sold:

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
D'ri and I. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
The Cavalier. By G. W. Cable. $1.50.
Lazarre. By Mary H. Catherwood. $1.50.
The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. $1.50.
Lives of the Hunted. By Seton-Thompson. $1.75 net.
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
The Ruling Passion. By Henry Van Dyke. $1.50.
Graustark. By G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
Blennerhassett. By C. F. Pidgin. $1.50.
Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
Wild Animals I Have Known. By E. Seton-Thompson. $2.00.

ENGLISH LETTER.

NOVEMBER 20 TO DECEMBER 21, 1901.

Always by far the busiest month of the year, December, 1901, has been a time of great activity, though it is doubtful if it has approached the successful seasons enjoyed before the war. The public has had a tendency to keep the purse-strings well in hand, and, notwithstanding that many of the wholesale houses were kept working at the utmost pressure to cope with the orders received from town and country, a certain feeling of dissatisfaction has been abroad.

The enormous preponderance in the sales of novels over all other classes of literature has emphasised the hold which fiction has upon the public at the present time. In the 6s. line *Kim* has undoubtedly proved the book of the season; but the sales of several others have followed closely, such as *History of Sir Richard Calmady, The Velvet Glove, The Benefactress, Count Hannibal, Herb of Grace*, and *In Spite of All*. In the issues of the past month the most popular has proved to be *The Man from Glengarry*, by Ralph Connor.

In works of a biographical and historical nature there has been a steady and well-sustained demand. Among the most popular may

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be mentioned *The Life of R. L. Stevenson,* by Mr. Graham Balfour, the sales of which have been materially increased by the recent controversy; Bagot's *Links with the Past,* O'Brien's *Life of Lord Russell of Killowen, Then and Now,* by Dean Hole, and *The Mystery of Mary Stuart,* by A. Lang. Conan Doyle's *History of the Great Boer War, A Yeoman's Letters,* and *Behind the Scenes in the Transvaal,* appear to have been the most frequently sought after of the various works on the South African campaign.

Among the most favoured of the books for presents are the various editions of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens and Meredith, on India paper, these, especially in the leather bindings, have been greatly in request. A considerable increase in the sales of the various editions of Dickens's works has been a noticeable feature during the past season.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)

History of Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Velvet Glove. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The Benefactress. By the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden.* 6s. (Macmillan.)

Count Hannibal. By S. J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Herb of Grace. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)

In Spite of All. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Life of the Master. By Rev. J. Watson. 25s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Links with the Past. By Mrs. Bagot. 16s. (E. Arnold.)

Stevenson (R. L.) Life. By Graham Balfour. Two vols., 25s. net. (Methuen.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

DECEMBER 10, 1901, TO JANUARY 10, 1902.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:

The Travels of a Barnacle. Mrs. J. E. Morris.
A Paradise Valley Girl. Susanna M. D. Fry.
How Men Are Made. Daniel Hoffman Martin.
Esther Hills, Housemaid. Caroline Parsons.
A Moment's Mistake. R. H. Holt-Lomax.
Visions of Life. Martha S. Lippincott.
Christmas in Heart and Home. E. Traut.

American Book Company:

Lessons in Physical Geography. Charles R. Dryer.
Ten Common Trees. Susan Stokes.
Daudet Selected Stories. T. A. Jenkins.
Der Prozess. M. B. Lambert.

Appleton and Company:

Love's Itinerary. J. C. Snaith.

Buckles and Company:

The Millionaire Mystery. Fergus Hume.

Century Company:

Poems and Inscriptions. R. W. Gilder. (Cloth and paper ed.)
New England Society Orations. Collected and edited by Cephas Brainerd and Eveline W. Brainerd. (Vols. I. and II.)

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Letters on Life. Claudius Clear.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Camera Shots at Big Game. A. G. Wallihan.
The Writings of "Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, in Virginia, Esqr." Edited by J. S. Bassett.

Elson and Company:

Greek Art. T. W. Heermance.

Grafton Press:

In the Valley of the Merrimack. Julia Noyes Stickney.

Henneberry Company:

Helen Parker. Charles Homer Steele.

Holt and Company:

The Life and Works of F. Schiller. Calvin Thomas.

Judd Company:

Left-Overs Made Palatable. Isabel G. Curtis.

Macmillan Company:

Shakespeare In Tale and Verse. L. G. Hufford.
A Dictionary of Architecture and Building. Russell Sturgis.

Neely Company:

Pebbles and Pearls. Cleland Kernestaffe.

Nut Shell Publishing Company:

Around the "Pan." Thomas Fleming.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

The Letters of Mildred's Mother to Mildred. E. D. Price.

Oxford University Press:

Studies in History and Jurisprudence. James Bryce.
The Teacher's Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles. F. N. Peloubet.

Presbrey Company:

Athletics at Princeton. A History. Edited by F. Presbrey, '79, and James H. Moffatt, '00.

Putnam:

William Hamilton Gibson. J. C. Adams.
What is Christianity? Adolf Harnack.
The Wild Fowlers. Charles Bradford.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russell:
The Old Farm. Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.
Nightmare Land. G. Orr Clark.
The Big Book of Horses and Goats. Drawings by E. Penfield.
Kemble's Pickaninnies.
Four-Footed Folk. Raymond F. Ayers.
Mr. Dooley's Opinions.
Forty Modern Fables. George Ade.
In the Fog. Richard H. Davis.
Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes. Col. D. Streamer.

Scribner's Sons:
Eugene Field. Slason Thompson. (Vols. I. and II.)
India, Old and New. E. W. Hopkins.
The Study of Religion. Morris Jastrow.
Colonial Furniture in America. L. V. Lockwood.

Silver, Burdett and Company:
Germany and the Germans. A. Lodeman.
An Elementary French Reader. Gaston Douay.

Stechert:
Mind. A Troglodyte.

Warne and Company:
Diet in Relation to Age and Activity. Sir Henry Thompson.
Shell Life. Edward Step, F. L. S.
How to Remember. Eustace H. Miles.

Wieners:
Madame De Lamballe. Georges Bertin.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Press:
The Goosenbury Pilgrims. Ellen R. Veblen.

Open Court Publishing Company:
The Legends of Genesis. Hermann Gunkel.

BOSTON, MASS.

Eastern Publishing Company:
The King and the Cross. G. A. Stringer and E. C. W. Stringer.

Heath and Company:
Stories from English History. Henry P. Warren.
America's Story. For America's Children. M. L. Pratt.

Marlier and Company:
The Perfect Woman. Translated from the French of Charles Sainte-Foi. By Z. N. Brown.
St. Anthony in Art. Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Campbell:
Pennsylvania Politics. Hon. Matthew S. Quay.

Jewish Publication Society of America:
Idyls of The Gass. Martha Wolfenstein.

Lippincott Company:
Washington, The Capital City. Rufus Rockwell Wilson. (Vols. I. and II.)

Saunders and Company:
The Four Epochs of Woman's Life. Anna M. Galbraith.

WASHINGTON.

Neale Publishing Company:
Prophet of the Kingdom. Henry S. Frisbie.

EVANSTON.

Lord:
The Best Nonsense Verses, Chosen by Josephine Dodge Daskam.

RICHMOND, VA.

Johnson Publishing Company:
Verses from the Cotton Boll. Henry Timrod.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Bardeen:
English Words. Edwin Watts Chubb.

CANADA.

Lahstoq Rustic Press:
The Crowning Test. George A. Hammond.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Stanley-Taylor Company:
From Fair Hawaiiland. P. Maurice McMahon.

Robertson:
Turquoise and Iron. Lionel Josaphare.
California Violets. Grace Hibbard.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bowen-Merrill Company:
The Ship of Silence and Other Poems. E. U. Valentine.

NOTRE DAME, IND.

The Ave Maria:
A Life's Labyrinth. Mary E. Mannix.

OXFORD, ENGLAND.

Clarendon Press:
Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea. Buchheim.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Bassette Company:
The Elements of Architecture. Henry Wotton, Kt.

Dent and Company:
The Purgatorio of Dante. Alighieri.
The Ghost of the Belle-Alliance Plantation and other Stories. L. Giffin.

OAK PARK, CHICAGO, ILL.

Vaile:
Our Accursed Spelling. E. O. Vaile.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PELHAM, N. Y.

Gestefeld Publishing Company:
How to Control Circumstances. Ursula N. Gestefeld.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Harvard University:
The Harvard University Catalogue:

DENVER, COLO.

Smith-Brooks Printing Company:
Spiritual and Material Attraction. Eugene Del Mar.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between December 1, 1901, and January 1, 1902. We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
4. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner. $1.75.
5. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Every Day Living. Babcock. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
4. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Widow and Her Friends. Gibson. (Russell.) $5.00.
4. Sylvia. Emerson. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. A Lily of France. Mason. (Griffith & Rowland Press.) $1.10 net.
6. A House Party. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.20.
2. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.20.
4. God Wills It. Davis. (Longmans, Green & Co. $1.20.
5. Thoughts for Every Day Living. Babcock. (Scribner.) $1.00 net.
6. Pines of Lory. Mitchell. (Life Co.) $1.20.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
4. The Benefactress. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Life of Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner.) $4.00 net.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.
3. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan.) $2.00 net.
5. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Annie Deane. Slade. (Brentano.) $1.50.
5. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Old-Time Gardens. Earle. (Macmillan.) $2.50 net.

CHICAGO.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Warwick of the Knobs. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Farm Rhymes. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.00 net.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
5. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. A Lily of France. Mason. (Griffith & Rowland Press.) $1.10 net.
5. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
4. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.
5. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Widow and Her Friends. Gibson. (Russell.) $5.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
4. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. Blennerhassett. Pidgin. (Clark.) $1.50.
6. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. My Lady Peggy Goes to Town. Mathews. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25 net.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Red Chancellor. Magnay. (Brentano.) $1.50.
5. Farm Rhymes. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.00 net.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Strategems and Spoils. White. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
6. My Lady Peggy Goes to Town. Mathews. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. A Drone and a Dreamer. Lloyd. (Taylor.) $1.50.
4. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
5. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Warwick of the Knobs. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Tristram of Blent. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Captain Ravenshaw. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
2. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.20.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.20.
5. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.20.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.20.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Jaconetta. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) 85 cents net.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Benefactress. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Arms and the Woman. MacGrath. (Doubleday, McClure & Co.) $1.25.
6. Tristram of Blent. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Velvet Glove. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Dolly Dialogues. Hope. (Russell.) $2.50.
5. The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan.) $2.00 net.
6. A Widow and Her Friends. Gibson. (Russell.) $5.00.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner. $1.75 net.
5. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
. Marcus Whitman. Mowry. (Silver, Burdett & Co.) $1.50.
. McLoughlin's Old Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Old-Time Gardens. Earle. (Macmillan.) $2.50 net.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
6. The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
4. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
4. Jingles from Japan. Hyde. (Robertson.) 75 cents.
5. Love Sonnets of Hoodlums. Irwin. (Elder & Shepard.) 25 cents.
6. California Violets. Hibbard. (Robertson.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
6. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Westminster Co.) $1.25.
3. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Morang Co.) $1.75.
4. Marietta. Crawford. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.25.
5. The Making of a Marchioness. Burnett. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. Last of the Knickerbockers. Viele. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. Blennerhassett. Pidgin. (Clark Co.) $1.50.
2. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
5. Tristram of Blent. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Sign of the Prophet. Naylor. (Saalfield Pub. Co.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Old-Time Gardens. Earle. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Fireside Sphinx. Repplier. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $2.00.
6. Mr. Munchausen. Bangs. (Noyes, Platt & Co.) $1.50.

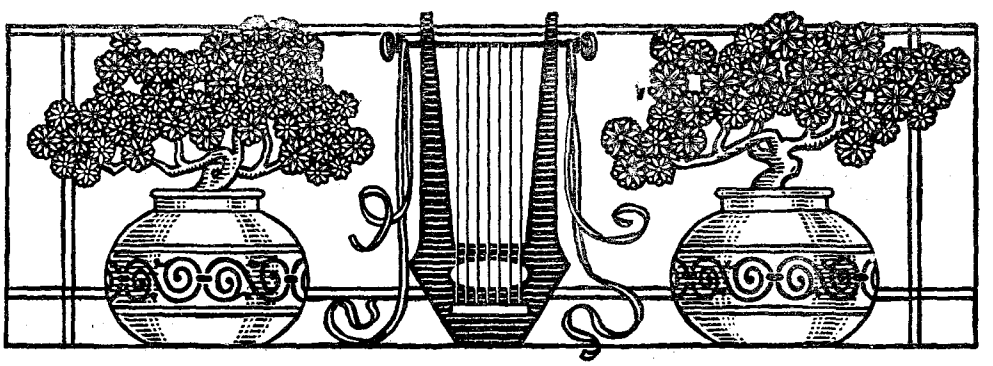
From the above lists the six best selling books are seleected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives 10
" "	2d	"	"	"	8
" "	3d	"	"	"	7
" "	4th	"	"	"	6
" "	6th	"	"	"	4
" "	5th	"	"	"	5

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foreging lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50	284
2. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75	149
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.	122
4. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50	121
5. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	110
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50	102



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED